

# The Devils Law-case.

OR,

When Women goe to Law, the  
Deuill is full of Businesse.

*A new Tragedy.*

*The true and perfect Copie from the Originall.*

As it was approouedly well Acted  
by her Maiestties Seruants.

Written by I O H N W E B S T E R.

*Non quam diu, sed quam bene.*



LONDON,

Printed by A. M. for Iohn Grismand, and are  
to be sold at his Shop in Pauls Alley at the  
Signe of the Gunne. 1623.



*The Scene*, N A P L E S.

The Actors Names.

*Romelio*, a Merchant.

*Contarino*, a Nobleman.

*Crispiano*, a Ciuill-Lawer.

*Ercole*, a Knight of Malta.

*Ariosto*, an Aduocate.

*Prospero*.

*Iulio*.

*A Capouchin*.

*Cantilupoe*.

*Sanitonella*.

*Leonora*.

*Iolenta*.

*A wayting Woman*.

The





TO THE RIGHT  
VVORTHIE, AND

All-accomplisht Gentleman,

Sir THOMAS FINCH, Knight

BARONET.

**S**IR, let it not appeare strange, that I doe  
aspire to your Patronage. Things that  
taste of any goodnesse, loue to bee shel-  
ter'd neere Goodnesse: Nor do I flatter  
in this (which I hate) onely touch at the originall  
Copy of your vertues. Some of my other Works,  
as *The white Dewill*, *The Dutchesse of Malfi*, *Guise*, and  
others, you haue formerly seene; I present this hum-  
bly to kisse your hands, and to find your allowance.  
Nor doe I much doubt it, knowing the greatest of  
the *Cæsars*, haue cheerefully entertain'd lesse Poems  
then this: and had I thought it vnworthy, I had not  
enquired after so worthy a Patronage. Your selfe  
I vnderstand, to bee all curtesie. I doubt not there-  
fore of your acceptance, but resolute, that my electi-  
on is happie. For which fauour done mee, I shall  
euer rest

*Your Worships humbly deuoted,*

IOHN WEBSTER.



## TO THE IVDITIOWS READER.

**H**old it, in these kind of Poems with that of Horace; Sapiētia prima, Stultitia caruisse; to bee free from those vices, which proceed from ignorance; of which I take it, this Play will ingeniously acquit it selfe. I doe chiefly therefore expose it to the Iudicious: Locus est, & pluribus Umbris, others haue leane to sit downe, and reade it, who come vnbidden. But to these, should a man present them with the most excellent Musicke, it would delight them no more, then Auriculas Citherae collecta sorde dolentes. I will not further insist vpon the approouement of it, for I am so farre from praising my selfe, that I haue not giuen way to diuers of my Friends, whose vnbeg'd Commendatory Verses offered themselues to doe me seruice in the Front of this Poeme. A great part of the grace of this (I confesse) lay in Action; yet can no Action euer be gracious, where the decency of the Language, and Ingenious structure of the Scene, arriue not to make up a perfect Harmony. What I haue sayl'd of this, You that haue approoued my other Workes, (when you haue read this) taxe me of. For therest, Non ego Ventosæ Plebis, Suffragia venor.



## The Deuil's Law-Cafe.

*Q R,*

When Women goe to Law, the Deuill  
is full of Businesse.

*Enter Romelio, and Prospero.*

*Prospero.*

**M**On haue shewen a world of wealth ;  
I did not thinke there had bene a Merchant  
Liu'd in Italy of halfe your substance.  
*Rom.* Ile giue the King of Spaine  
Ten thousand Duckets yearely, and discharge  
My yearely Custome. The Hollanders scarce trade  
More generally then I : my Factors wiues  
Weare Shaperoones of Velvet, and my Scriveners  
Meerely through my imployment, grow so rich,  
They buid their Palaces and Belvidears  
With muscicall Water-workes : Neuer in my life  
Had I a losse at Sea. They call me on th' exchange,  
The fortunate Youngman, and make great suite  
To venture with me : Shall I tell you Sir,  
Of a strange confidence in my way of Trading,  
I reckon it as certaine as the gaine  
In erecting a Lotterie.

*Prof.* I pray Sir, what doe you thinke  
Of Signiour *Baptisto's* estate ?

*Rom.* A meere Begger :  
Hee's worth some fiftie thousand Duckets.

*Prof.* Is not that well ?

*Rom.* How well ? for a man to be melted to snow water,

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

With toying in the world from three and twentie,  
Till threescore, for poore fiftie thousand Duckets.

*Prof.* To your estate 'tis little I confesse:  
You haue the Spring-tide of Gold.

*Rom.* Faith, and for Siluer,  
Should I not send it packing to th' East Indies,  
We should haue a glut on't. *Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Here's the great Lord *Contarino*.

*Pro.* Oh, I know his busines, he's a suitor to your sister.

*Rom.* Yes Sir, but to you,  
As my most trusted friend, I vtter it,  
I will breake the alliance.

*Prof.* You are ill aduised then;  
There liues not a compleater Gentleman  
In Italy, nor of a more ancient house.

*Rom.* What tell you me of Gentrie, 'tis nought else  
But a superstitious relique of time past:  
And siff it to the true worth, it is nothing  
But ancient riches: and in him you know  
They are pittifully in the wane; he makes his colour  
Of visiting vs so often, to sell land,  
And thinkes if he can gaine my sisters loue,  
To recover the treble value.

*Prof.* Sure he loues her intirely, and she deserves it.

*Rom.* Faith, though shee were  
Crookt shoulderd, hauing such a portion,  
Shee would haue noble Suiters; but truth is,  
I would wish my noble Venturer take heed,  
It may be whiles he hopes to catch a Gilt head,  
He may draw vp a Gudgeon. *Enter Contarino.*

*Prof.* Hee's come: Sir, I will leaue you.

*Con.* I sent you the Euidence of the peece of land  
I motioned to you for the Sale. *Rom.* Yes.

*Con.* Has your Counsell perus'd it?

*Rom.* Not yet my Lord: Doe you intend to trauell?

*Con.* No. *Rom.* Oh then you loose  
That which makes man most absolute.

*Con.* Yet I haue heard of diners, that in passing of the  
Alpes,

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Alpes, haue but exchang'd their vertues at deare rate  
for other vices.

*Rom.* Oh my Lord, lye not idle;  
The chiefeſt action for a man of great ſpirit,  
Is neuer to be out of action: we ſhould thinke  
The ſoule was neuer put into the body,  
Which has ſo many rare and curious pieces  
Of Mathematicall motion, to ſtand ſtill.  
Vertue is euer ſowing of her ſeedes:  
In the Trenches for the Souldier; in the wakefull ſtudy  
For the Scholler; in the furrowes of the ſea  
For men of our Profeſſion, of all which  
Arise and ſpring vp Honor. Come, I know  
You haue ſome noble great Deſigne in hand,  
That you leuy ſo much money.

*Cont.* Sir, Ile tell you,  
The greateſt part of it I meane to imploy  
In payment of my Debts, and the remainder  
Is like to bring me into greater bonds, as I ayme it.

*Rom.* How Sir?

*Cont.* I intend it for the charge of my Wedding.

*Rom.* Are you to be married, my Lord?

*Cont.* Yes Sir; and I muſt now intreat your pardon,  
That I haue concealed from you a buſineſſe,  
Wherein you had at firſt been call'd to Counſell,  
But that I thought it a leſſe fault in Friendſhip,  
To ingage my ſelfe thus farre without your knowledge,  
Then to doe it againſt your will: another reaſon  
Was, that I would not publiſh to the world,  
Nor haue it whiſpered ſcarce, what wealthy Voyage  
I went about, till I had got the Myne  
In mine owne poſſeſſion.

*Rom.* You are darke to me yet.

*Cont.* Ile now remove the cloud. Sir, your ſiſter and I  
Are vowed each others, and there onely wants  
Her worthy mothers, and your faire conſents  
To ſtile it marriage: this is a way,  
Not onely to make a friendſhip, but confirme it

For



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

For our posterities. How doe you looke vpon't?

*Rom* Beleeue me Sir, as on the principall Colume  
To aduance our House : why you bring honour with you,  
Which is the soule of Wealth. I shall be proud  
To liue to see my little Nephewes ride  
O'th vpper hand of their Vncles; and the Daughters  
Be ranckt by Heraulds at Solemnities  
Before the Mother : all this deriu'd  
From your Nobilitie. Doe not blame me sir,  
If I be taken with't exceedingly :  
For this same honour with vs Citizens,  
Is a thing we are mainly fond of, especially  
When it comes without money, which is very seldome,  
But as you doe perceiue my present temper,  
Be sure I am yours, fierd with scorne and laughter,  
At your outer confident purpose, and no doubt,  
My mother will be of your mind. *Exit Romelio.*

*Cont.* Tis my hope sir.  
I doe obserue how this *Romelio*,  
Has very worthy parts, were they not blasted  
By insolent vaine glory : there rests now  
The mothers approbation to the match,  
Who is a woman of that State and bearing,  
Tho shee be Citie-borne, both in her language,  
Her Garments, and her Table, shee excels  
Our Ladies of the Court : shee goes not gawdy,  
Yet haue I seene her weare one Diamond,  
Would haue bought twenty gay ones out of their clothes,  
And some of them, without the greater grace,  
Out of their honesties.

Shee comes, I will trie *Enter Leonora.*  
How she stands affected to me, without relating  
My Contract with her Daughter.

*Leon.* Sir, you are nobly welcome, and presume  
You are in a place that's wholly dedicated  
To your seruice.

*Con.* I am euer bound to you for many speciall fauours.

*Leon.* Sir, your fame renders you most worthy of it.

*Con.* It



*The Devils Law, Case.*

*Cont.* It could neuer haue got a sweeter ayre to fly in,  
Then your breath.

*Leon.* You haue bin strange a long time, you are weary  
Of our vnseasonable time of feeding:  
Indeed th' Exchange Bell makes vs dine so late;  
I thinke the Ladies of the Court from vs  
Learne to lye so long a bed.

*Cont.* They haue a kind, of Exchange among them too,  
Marry vnlesse, it be to heare of newes, I take it,  
Theirs, is like the New Burse, thinly furnisht  
With Tyers and new Fashions. I haue a suite to you.

*Leon.* I would not haue you value it the lesse,  
If I say, Tis granted already.

*Cont.* You are all Bounty, tis to bestow your  
Picture on me.

*Leon.* Oh sir, shaddowes, are coueted in Summer,  
And with me, tis Fall o'th Lease.

*Cont.* You enioy the best of Time;  
This latter Spring of yours, shewes in my eye,  
More fruitfull and more temperate withall,  
Then that whose date is onely limited  
By the musicke of the Cuckow.

*Leon.* Indeed Sir, I dare tell you,  
My Looking-glasse is a true one, and as yet  
It does not terrifie me. Must you haue my Picture?

*Cont.* So please you Lady, and I shall preferue it  
As a most choyce Obiect.

*Leon.* You will enioyne me to a strange punishment:  
With what a compeld face a woman sits  
While shee is drawing? I haue noted diners,  
Either to faine smiles, or sucke in the lippes,  
To haue a little mouth; ruffle the cheekes,  
To haue the dimple scene, and so disorder  
The face with affectation, at next sitting  
It has not been the same; I haue knowne others  
Haue lost the intire fashion of their face,  
In halfe an houres sitting.

*Cont.* How?

*The Devils Law-Casse.*

*Leon.* In hote weather,  
The painting on their face has been so mellow,  
They haue left the poore man harder worke by halfe,  
To mend the Copie he wrought by : but indeed,  
If euer I would haue mine drawen toth life,  
I would haue a Paynter steale it, at such a time,  
I were deuoutly kneeling at my prayers,  
There is then a heauenly beautie in't, the Soule  
Mooues in the superficies.

*Cont.* Excellent Lady,  
Now you teach Beautie a preseruatiue,  
More then 'gainst fading Colours; and your iudgement  
Is perfect in all things.

*Leon.* Indeed Sir, I am a Widdow,  
And want the addition to make it so:  
For mans Experience has still been held  
Womans best eyesight. I pray sir tell mee,  
You are about to sell a piece of Land  
To my sonne, I heare.

*Cont.* Tis truth.

*Leon.* Now I could rather wish,  
That Noble men would euer liue ith Countrey,  
Rather then make their vist's vp to'th Citie  
About such businesse: Oh Sir, Noble Houses  
Haue no such goodly Prospects any way,  
As into their owne Land: the decay of that,  
Next to their begging Churchland, is a ruine  
Worth all mens pitie. Sir, I haue forty thousand crownes  
Sleepe in my Chest, shall waken when you please,  
And flie to your commands. Will you stay supper?

*Cont.* I cannot, worthy Lady.

*Leon.* I would not haue you come hither sir, to sell,  
But to settle your Estate. I hope you vnderstand  
Wherefore I make this proffer: so I leaue you.

*Cont.* What a Treasury haue I pearch'd. *Exit Leon.*  
I hope you vnderstand wherefore I make this proffer.  
Shee has got some intelligence, how I intend to marry  
Her daughter, and ingenuously perceiued,

That

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

That by her Picture, which I begged of her,  
I meant the faire *Iolenta* : here's a Letter,  
Which giues expresse charge, not to visit her  
Till midnight : faile not to come, for tis a businesse  
That concernes both our honors.

*Yours in danger to be lost, Iolenta.*

Tis a strange In'iunction ; what should be the businesse ?  
She is not chang'd I hope. Ile thither straight :  
For womens Resolutions in such deeds,  
Like Bees, light oft on flowers, and oft on weeds. *Exit,*

*Enter Ercole, Romelio, Iolenta.*

*Rom* Oh sister come, the Taylor must to worke,  
To make your wedding Clothes.

*Iol.* The Tombe-maker, to take measure of my coffin.

*Rom.* Tombe-maker? looke you,

The king of Spaine greets you.

*Iol.* What does this meane, do you serue Proces on me?

*Rom.* Proces? come you would be wittie now.

*Iol.* Why, what's this, I pray?

*Rom.* Infinite grace to you : it is a Letter  
From his Catholike Maiestie, for the commends  
Of this Gentleman for your Husband.

*Iol.* In good season : I hope he will not haue my  
Allegiance stretcht to the vndoing of my selfe.

*Rom.* Vndoe your selfe? he does proclaime him here

*Iol.* Not for a Traytor, does he?

*Rom.* You are not mad;

For one of the Noblest Gentlemen.

*Iol.* Yet Kings many times  
Know meerly but mens outsidcs; was this commendation  
Voluntary, thinke you?

*Rom.* Voluntary : what meane you by that?

*Iol.* Why I do not thinke but he beg'd it of the King,  
And it may fortune to be out of's way :  
Some better suite, that woo'd haue stood his Lordship  
In farre more stead : Letters of Commendations,  
Why tis reported that they are growen stale,

*The Devils Law-Case.*

When places fall i'th Vniuersitie.

I pray you returne his Passe : for to a Widdow

That longs to be a Courtier, this Paper

May doe Knights seruice.

*Erco.* Mistake not excellent Mistres, these commends  
Expresse, his Maiestie of Spaine has giuen me  
Both addition of honour, as you may perceiue  
By my habit, and a place heere to command  
Ore thirtie Gallies ; this your brother shewes,  
As wishing that you would be partner  
In my good Fortune.

*Rom.* I pray come hither, haue I any interest in you ?

*Iol.* You are my Brother.

*Rom.* I would haue you then vse me with that respect,  
You may still keepe me so, and to be swayed  
In this maine businesse of life, which wants  
Greatest consideration, your Marriage,  
By my direction : Here's a Gentleman——

*Iol.* Sir, I haue often told you,  
I am so little my owne to dispose that way,  
That I can neuer be his.

*Rom.* Come, too much light  
Makes you Moone-eyed, are you in lone with title ?  
I will haue a Herauld, whose continuall practise  
Is all in pedigree, come a wooing to you,  
Or an Antiquary in old Buskins.

*Erco.* Sir, you haue done me  
The maynest wrong that ere was offred  
To a Gentleman of my breeding.

*Rom.* Why sir ? *Erco.* You haue led me  
With a vaine confidence, that I should marry  
Your sister, haue proclaim'd it to my friends,  
Employd the greatest Lawyers of our State  
To settle her a ioynture, and the issue  
Is, that I must become ridiculous  
Both to my friends and enemies : I will leane you,  
Till I call to you for a strict account  
Of your vnmanly dealing.

*Rom.* Stay

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Rom.* Stay my Lord.

Doe you long to haue my throat cut? Good my Lord,  
Stay but a little, till I haue remooued  
This Court-mist from her eyes, till I wake her  
From this dull sleepe, wherein shee dreame herselfe  
To a deformed Begger: you would marry  
The great Lord *Contarino*.

*Enter Leonora.*

*Leon. Contarino*

Were you talking off? he lost last night at Dice  
Fine thousand Duckets; and when that was gone,  
Set at one throw a Lordship, that twicetrebled  
The former losse.

*Rom.* And that flew after. *Leon.* And most carefully  
Carried the Gentleman in his Carroch  
To a Lawyers Chamber, there most Legally  
To put him in possession: was this wisdome?

*Rom.* O yes, their credit in the way of gaming  
Is the mayne thing they stand on, that must be paid,  
Tho the Brewer bawle for's money; and this Lord  
Does shee preferre i'th way of marriage;  
Before our Choyce. Here noble *Ercole*,

*Leon.* Youle be aduis'd I hope: Know for your sakes  
I married, that I might haue children;  
And for your sakes, if youle be rul'd by me,  
I will neuer marry agen. Here's a Gentleman  
Is noble, rich, well featur'd, but 'boue all,  
He loues you intirely; his intents are aymed  
For an Expedition 'gainst the Turke,  
Which makes the Contract cannot be delayed.

*Is.* Contract? you must do this without my knowledge;  
Giue me some potion to make me mad,  
And happily not knowing what I speake,  
I may then consent too't.

*Rom.* Come, you are mad already,  
And I shall neuer heare you speake good sense,  
Till you name him for Husband.

*Ercol.* Lady, I will doe a manly Office for you,  
I will leaue you, to the freedome of your owne soule,



*The Devils Lam-Cast,*

May it move whither heaven and you please.

*Iol.* Now you expresse your selfe most nobly.

*Rom.* Stay sir, what doe you meane to doe?

*Leon.* Heare me, if thou dost marry *Conarine*.

All the misfortune that did ever dwell

In a parents curse, light on thee.

*Erc.* Oh rise Lady, certainly heaven neuer intended  
Kneeling to this fearefull purpose.

*Iol.* Your Imprecation has vndone me for euer.

*Erc.* Give me your hand.

*Iol.* No sir.

*Rom.* Giu't me then:

Oh what rare workmanship haue I seene this

To finish with your needle, what excellent musicks

Haue these stricke vpon the Viol!

Now Ile teach a piece of Art.

*Iol.* Rather a damnable cunning,

To hate me goe about to giu't away,

Without consent of my soule.

*Rom.* Kisse her my Lord, if crying had been regarded,  
Maidenheads had nere been lost, at least some appearance  
Of crying, as an Aprill showre i'th Sunshine.

*Leon.* Shee is yours.

*Rom.* Nay, continue your station, and deale you in  
dumbe shew; kisse this doggednesse out of her.

*Leon.* To be contracted in teares, is but fashionable.

*Rom.* Yet suppose that they were heartie.

*Leon.* Virgins must seeme vnwilling.

*Rom.* Oh what else; and you remember, we obserue the  
Like in greater Ceremonies then these Contracts,  
At the Consecration of Prelates, they vse euer  
Twice to say nay, and take it.

*Iolen.* Oh Brother.

*Ro.* Keep your possession, you haue the dore bithring,  
That's Livery and Seasin in England; but my Lord,  
Kisse that teare from her lip, youle find the Rose  
The sweeter for the dewe.

*Iolen.* Bitter as gall.

*Rom.* I,



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Rom.* I, I, all you women,  
Although you be of neuer so low stature,  
Haue gall in you most abundant, it exceeds  
Your braines by two ounces. I was saying somewhat;  
Oh doe but obserue ith Citie, and youle finde  
The thriftiest bargaines that were euer made,  
What a deale of wrangling ere they could be brought  
To an vpshot.

*Leon.* Great persons doe not euer come together.

*Rom.* With reuellling faces, nor is it necessary  
They should; the strangenesse and vnwillingnesse  
Weares the greater state, and giues occasion that  
The people may buzz and talke oft, tho the Bells  
Be tongue-tide at the Wedding.

*Leon.* And truely I haue heard say,  
To be a little strange to one another,  
Will keepe your longing fresh.

*Rom.* I, and make you beget  
More children when yare married: some Doctors  
Are of that opinion. You see my Lord, we are merry  
At the Contract, your sport is to come hereafter.

*Ercol.* I will leaue you excellent Lady, and withall  
Leaue a heart with you so entirely yours,  
That I protest, had I the least of hope  
To enioy you, tho I were to wayt the time  
That Schollers doe in raking their degree  
In the noble Arts, 'twere nothing, howsoere  
He parts from you, that will depart from life,  
To doe you any seruice, and so humbly  
I take my leaue.

*Exit Ercol.*

*Iol.* Sir, I will pray for you.

*Ro.* Why thats well, 'twill make your prayer compleat,  
To pray for your Husband.

*Iol.* Husband?

*Leon.* This is the happiest houre that I euer arriued at.

*Rom.* Husband, I husband: come you peccish thing,  
Smile me a thanke for the paynes I haue tane.

*Iol.* I hate my selfe for being this enforst,

You

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

You may soone iudge then what I thinke of you  
Which are the cause of it.

*Enter Wayting-Woman.*

*Rem.* You Lady of the Laundry, come hither.

*Wayt.* Sir?

*Rem.* Looke as you loue your life, you haue aneye  
Vpon your Mistresse; I doe henceforth barre her  
All Vilitants: I do heare there are Bawds abroad,  
That bring Cut-works, & Man-toons, & conney Letters  
To such young Gentlewomen, and there are others  
That deals in Corne-cutting, and Fortune-telling,  
Let none of these come at her on your life,  
Nor *Deiues* are the wafer woman, that prigs abroad  
With Muskmeloons, and Malakatoones;  
Nor the Scotchwoman with the Citterne, do you marke,  
Nor a Dancer by any meanes, tho he ride on's foot-cloth,  
Nor a Hackney Coachman, if he can speake French,

*Wayt.* Why sir?

*Rem.* By no meanes: no more words;  
Nor the woman with Maribone puddings. I haue heard  
Strange iugling tricks haue been conueyd to a woman  
In a pudding: you are apprehensue?

*Wayt.* Oh good sir, I haue traueled.

*Rem.* When you had a Bastard, you traueled indeed:  
But my precious Chaperoones,  
I trust thee the better for that; for I haue heard,  
There is no warier Keeper of a Parke,  
To preuent Stalkers, or your Night-walkers,  
Then such a man as in his youth has been  
A most notorious Deare-stealer.

*Wayt.* Very well sir,  
You may vse me at your pleasure.

*Rem.* By no meanes *Winifrid*, that were the way  
To make thee trauell agen: Come be not angry,  
I doe but iest, thou knowest, wit and a woman,  
Are two very fragile things, and so I leaue you.

*Exit.*

*Wayt.* I could weepe with you, but tis no matter,  
I can doe that at any time, I haue now

A greater

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

A greater mind to rayle a little : Plague of these  
Vnsanctified Matches; they make vs lothe  
The most naturall desire our grandame *Eue* euer left vs.  
Force one to marry against their will; why 'tis  
A more vngodly worke, then inclosing the Commons.

*Iolen.* Prethee peace;  
This is indeed an argument so common,  
I cannot thinke of matter new ynough,  
To expresse it bad enough.

*Ways.* Heere's one I hope will put you out of't.

*Enter Constantino.*

*Cent.* How now sweet Mistris?  
You haue made sorrow looke louely of late,  
You haue wept.

*Wais.* She has done nothing'else these three dayes ; had  
you stood behinde the Arras, to haue heard her shed so  
much salt water as I haue done, you would haue thought  
she had been turn'd Fountaine.

*Con.* I would faine know the cause can be worthy this  
Thy sorrow.

*Iol.* Reach me the Caskanet, I am studying Sir,  
To take an Inuenty of all that's mine.

*Con.* What to doe with it Lady ?

*Iol.* To make you a Deed of gift.

*Con.* That's done already; you are all mine.

*Wais.* Yes, but the Deuil would faine put in for's share,  
In likenesse of a Separation.

*Iol.* Oh sir, I am bewitcht.

*Con.* Ha?

*Iol.* Most certaine, I am forespoken,  
To be married to another : can you euer thinke  
That I shall euer thriue in't ? Am I not then bewitcht ?  
All comfort I can teach my selfe is this,  
There is a time left for me to dye nobly,  
When I cannot liue so ?

*Con.* Giue me in a word, to whom, or by whose meanes  
Are you thus torne from me ?

*Iol.* By Lord *Ereole*, my Mother, and by Brother.

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Cont.* Ile make his brauery fitter for a graue,  
Then for a wedding.

*Iol.* So you will beget  
A farre more dangerous and strange disease  
Out of the cure; you must loue him agen  
For my sake: for the noble *Ercole*  
Had such a true compaffion of my sorrow.  
Harke in your eare, Ile shew you his right worthy  
Demeanour to me.

*Wayt.* Oh you pretty ones,  
I haue feene this Lord many a time and oft  
Set her in's lap, and talke to her of Loue  
So feelingly, I doe protest it has made me  
Run out of my selfe to thinke on't; oh sweet breath'd  
Monkey, how they grow together? well, tis my opinion,  
He was no womans friend that did inuent  
A punishment for kissing.

*Cont.* If he beare himfelfe so nobly,  
The manliest office I can doe for him,  
Is to affoord him my pitie, since he's like  
To faile of fodeare a purchase: for your mother,  
Your goodnesse quits her ill; for your brother,  
He that vowes friendship to a man, and prooues  
A traytor, deserues rather to be hang'd,  
Then he that counterfets money; yet for your sake  
I must signe his pardon too. Why doe you tremble?  
Be safe, you are now free from him.

*Iol.* Oh but sir,  
The intermiffion from a fit of an ague  
Is grieuous: for indeed it doth prepare vs,  
To entertaine torment next morning.

*Cont.* Why, hee's gone to sea.

*Iol.* But he may returne toofoone.

*Con.* To auoyd which, we will instantly be married.

*Wa.* To auoid which, get you instantly robed together,  
Doe, and I thinke no Ciuill Lawyer for his fee  
Can giue you better Councell.

*Iol.* Fye vpon thee, prethee leaue vs.

*Con.* Be

*The Devils Law Case.*

*Con.* Be of comfort sweet Mistris.

*Iol.* On one condition we may haue no quarrell about

*Con.* Vpon my life none. (this.

*Iol.* None vpon your honour?

*Con.* With whom? with *Ercole*?

You haue deliuered him guiltlesse.

With your Brother? Hee's part of your selfe.

With your complementall Mother?

I vse not fight with women

To morrow wee be married:

Let those that would oppose this vnion,

grow nere so subtrill, and intangle themselues

In their owne worke like Spiders, while we two

Haste to our noble wishes, and presume,

The hindrance of it will breed more delight,

As black copartaments shewes gold more bright. *Exiunt*

*Finis Actus primi.*

ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Crispiano, Sanitonella.*

*Crisp.* Am I well habited?

*San.* Exceeding well; any man would take you for a Merchant: but pray sir resolue me, what should bee the reason, that you being one of the most eminent Ciuill Lawyers in Spaine, and but newly arriued from the East Indies, should take this habit of a Marchant vpon you?

*Crisp.* Why my sonne liues here in Naples, & in's riot Doth farre exceed the exhibition I allowed him.

*San.* So then, & in this disguise you meane to trace him.

*Cri.* Partly for that, but there is other businesse Of greater consequence.

*San.* Faith for his expence, tis nothing to your estate, What to *Don Crispiano*, the famous Corrigidor of Ciuill, who by his meere practise of the Law, in lesse time then halfe a Iubile, hath gotten thirtie thousand Duckets a yeare.



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Crisp.* Well, I will give him line,  
Let him run on in's course of spending.

*San.* Freely?

*Crisp.* Freely:

For I protest; if that I could conceave  
My sonne would take more pleasure or content,  
By any course of ryot, in the expence,  
Then I tooke ioy, nay soules felicitie  
In the getting of it, should all the wealth I haue  
Waste to as small an atomy as Flies  
I'th Sunne, I doe protest on that condition,  
It should not mooue mee.

*San.* How's this? Cannot hee take more pleasure in  
spending it ryotously, then you haue done by scraping it  
together: O ten thousand times more, and I make no  
question, five hundred yong gallants will be of my opinion.  
Why all the time of your Collectionship,  
Has bene a perpetuall Callender, begin first  
With your melancholly studie of the Law  
Before you come to finger the Ruddocks, after that  
The tyring importunitie of Clyents,  
To rise so early, and sit vp so late,  
You made your selfe halfe ready in a dreame,  
And neuer prayed but in your sleepe: Can I thinke,  
That you haue halfe your lungs left with crying out  
For Iudgements, and dayes of Tryall. Remember sir,  
How often haue I borne you on my shoulder,  
Among a shoale or swarme of reeking Night-caps,  
When that your Worship has bepist your selfe,  
Either with vehemency of Argument,  
Or being out from the matter. I am merry.

*Crisp.* Be so.

*San.* You could eat like a Gentleman, at leasure;  
But swallow it like Flap-dragons, as if you had liued  
With chewing the Cud after.

*Crisp.* No pleasure in the world was comparable too't.

*San.* Possible?

*Crisp.* He shall neuer taste the like, vnlesse he study law.

*San.* What



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*San.* What, not in wenching fir?  
Tis a Court game, beleue it,  
As familiar as Gleeke, or any other.

*Crisp.* Wenching? O fie, the Disease followes it:  
Beside, can the fingring Taffaries, or Lawnes,  
Or a painted hand, or a Brest, be like the pleasure  
In taking Clyents fees, and piling them  
In severall goodly rowes before my Deske?  
And according to the bignesse of each heape,  
Which I tooke by a leare: for Lawyers do not tell them,  
I vayl'd my cap, and withall gaue great hope  
The Cause should goe on their sides.

*San.* What thinke you then  
Of a good crie of Hounds? It has bene known  
Dogs haue hunted Lordships to a fault.

*Crisp.* Cry of Curses?  
The noyse of Clyents at my Chamber doore,  
Was sweeter Musicke farre, in my conceit,  
Then all the Hunting in Europe.

*San.* Pray stay fir,  
Say he should spend it in good House-keeping.  
*Crisp.* I marry fir, to haue him keepe a good house,  
And not sell't away, Ide find no fault with that:  
But his Kitchin, Ide haue no bigger then a Saw-pit;  
For the smalnesse of a Kitchin, without question,  
Makes many Noblemen in France and Spaine,  
Build the rest of the house the bigger.

*San.* Yes, Mock-beggars.

*Crisp.* Some seuen score Chimneyes,  
But halfe of them haue no Tonells.

*San.* A pox vpon them Cuckshawes that beget  
Such monsters without fundaments.

*Crisp.* Come, come, leaue citing other vanities;  
For neither Wine, nor Lust, nor riotous feasts,  
Rich cloathes, nor all the pleasure that the Deuill  
Has euer praesid'd with, to raise a man  
To a Devils likenesse, ere brought man that pleasure  
I tooke in getting my wealth: so I conclude.

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

If he can out-vie me, let it flie to'th Detuill.

Yon's my sonne, what company keepe he?

*San.* The Gentleman he talks with, *Enter Rom. Julio.*  
Is *Romelio* the Merchant. *Ariosto, Baptista*

*Crisp.* I neuer saw him till now,  
A has a brane sprightly looke, I knew his father,  
And sojourn'd in his house two yeares together,  
Before this young mans birth: I haue newes to tell him  
Of certaine losses happened him at Sea,  
That will not please him.

*San.* What that dapper fellow  
In the long stocking? I doe thinke 'twas he  
Came to your lodging this morning.

*Crisp.* Tis the same,  
There he stands, but a little piece of flesh,  
But he is the very myracle of a Lawyer,  
One that perswades men to peace, & compounds quarrels  
Among his neighbours, without going to law.

*San.* And is he a Lawyer?

*Crisp.* Yes, and will giue counsell  
In honest causes gratis, neuer in his life  
Tooke fee, but he came and spake for't, is a man  
Of extreame practise, and yet all his longing,  
Is to become a Iudge.

*San.* Indeed that's a rare longing with men of his pro-  
fession. I think hee'l proue the miracle of a lawier indeed.

*Rom.* Heere's the man brought word your father dyed  
i'th Indies.

*Iul.* He died in perfect memory I hope,  
And made me his heyre. *Cri.* Yes sir.

*Iul.* He's gone the right way then without question:  
Friend, in time of mourning, we must not vse any action,  
That is but accellary to the making men merry,  
I doe therefore giue you nothing for your good tidings.

*Crisp.* Nor doe I looke for it sir.

*Iul.* Honest fellow, giue me thy hand, I doe not thinke  
but thou hast carried New yeares gifts to'th Court in  
thy dayes, and learndst there to be so free of thy paynes  
taking.

*Rom.* Here's

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Rom.* Here's an old Gentleman sayes he was chamber-fellow to your father, when they studied the Law together at Barcellona:

*Iul.* Doe you know him?

*Rom.* Not I, he's newly come to Naples.

*Iul.* And what's his businesse?

*Rom.* A sayes he's come to read you good counsell.

*Crisp.* To him, rate him soundly. *This is spoke aside,*

*Iul.* And what's your counsell?

*Ari.* Why, I would haue you leaue your whoring.

*Iul.* He comes hotly vpon me at first: whoring?

*Ari.* O yong quat, incontinence is plagued  
In all the creatures of the world.

*Iul.* When did you euer heare, that a Cockesparrow  
Had the French poxe?

*Ari.* When did you euer know any of them fat, but in  
the nest? aske all your Cantaride-mongers that question;  
remember your selfe sir.

*Iul.* A very fine Naturallist, a Phisician, I ta'e you by  
your round sloop; for tis iust of the bignes, and no more, of  
the case for a Vrinall: tis concluded, you are a Phisician.  
What doe you meane sir, youle take cold.

*Ari.* Tis concluded, you are a foole, a precious one,  
you are a meere sticke of Sugar Candy, a man may  
looke quite thorow you.

*Iul.* You are a very bold gamester.

*Ar.* I can play at chesse, & know how to handle a rook.

*Iul.* Pray preserue your veluet from the dust.

*Ari.* Keepe your hat vpon the blocke sir,  
\*Twill continue fashion the longer.

*Iul.* I was neuer so abused with the hat in the hand  
In my life.

*Ari.* I will put on, why looke you,  
Those lands that were the Clyents, are now become  
The Lawyers; and those tenements that were  
The Countrey Gentlemans, are now growen  
To be his Taylors.

*Iul.* Taylors?

*Ari.* Yes

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Aris.* Yes, Taylors in France, they grow to great Abominable purchase, and become great officers. How many Duckets thinke you he has spent Within a tweluemonth, besides his fathers allowance ?

*Iul.* Besides my fathers allowance ?  
Why Gentleman, doe you thinke an Auditor begat me ?  
Would you haue me make euen at yeares end ?

*Rom.* A hundred duckets a month in breaking Venice glasses.

*Aris.* He learnt that of an English drunkard,  
And a Knight too, as I take it.

This comes of your numerous Wardrobe.

*Rom.* I, and wearing Cut-worke, a pound a Purle.

*Aris.* Your daintie embroydered stockings,  
With ouerblowne Roses, to hide your gowtie ankles.

*Re.* And wearing more taffaty for a garter, then would  
serue the Gally dung-boat for streamers. *(Strissini.)*

*Ari.* Your switching vp at the horse-race, with the Illu.

*Rom.* And studying a pussling Arithmatick at the cock-pit.

*Ari.* Shaking your elbow at the Taule-board.

*Rom.* And resorting to your whore in hir'd veluet,  
With a spangled copper fringe at her netherlands.

*Ari.* Whereas if you had staid at Padua, and fed vpon  
Cow trotters, and fresh beefe to Supper.

*Iul.* How I am bayted ?

*Ari.* Nay, be not you so forward with him neither, for  
tis thought, youle proue a maine part of his vndoing.

*Iul.* I thinke this fellow is a witch.

*Rom.* Who I sir ?

*Ari.* You haue certaine rich citie Chuffes, that when  
they haue no acres of their owne, they will goe and plow  
vp fooles, and turne them into excellent meadow; besides  
some Inclosures for the first Cherries in the Spring,  
And Apricocks to pleasure a friend at Court with.  
You haue Potecaries deal in selling commodities to yong  
Gallants, will put foure or fise coxcombs into a sieue, and  
sodrumme with them vpon their Counter ; theyle searse  
them

*The Devils Law-Cast.*

them through like Ginny Pepper, they cannot endure to  
finde a man like a payre of Tarriers, they would vndoe  
him in a trice.

*Rom.* May be there are such.

*Ari.* O terrible exasora, fellowes with six hands,  
And three heads.

*Iul.* I those are Hell-hounds.

*Ari.* Take heed of them, theyle rent thee like Tenter-  
hookes. Heare in your care, there is intelligence vpon  
you; the report goes, there has been gold conueyd beyond  
the Sea in hollow Ancres. Farewell, you shall know mee  
better, I will doe thee more good, then thou art aware of.

*Iul.* Hee's a mad fellow. *Exit Ari.*

*Sau.* He would haue made an excellent Barber,  
He does so curry it with his tongue. *Exit.*

*Crisp.* Sir, I was directed to you.

*Rom.* From whence?

*Crisp.* From the East Indies.

*Rom.* You are very welcome.

*Cri.* Please you walke apart,  
I shall acquaint you with particulars  
Touching your Trading i'th East Indies.

*Rom.* Willingly, pray walke sir. *Ex. Cris. Rom.*

*Enter Ercole.*

*Erc.* Oh my right worthy friends, you haue staid me  
long, one health, and then aboard; for all the Gallies are  
come about.

*Enter Castarino.*

*Cont.* Signior Ercole,

The wind has stood my friend sir, to preuent  
Your putting to Sea.

*Erc.* Pray why sir?

*Cont.* Onely loue sir,

That I might take my leaue sir, and withall  
Intreat from you a priuate recommends  
To a friend in Malta, 'twould be deliuered  
To your bosome, for I had no time to write.

*Erc.* Pray leaue vs Gentlemen.

*Exeunt.*

Will please you sit? *They sit downe.*

*Con.* Sir, my loue to you has proclaim'd you one,

D

Whose



*The Devils Law-Case.*

Whose word was still led by a noble thought,  
And that thought followed by as faire a deed:  
Deccieue not that opinion, we were Students  
At Padua together, and haue long  
To'th worlds eye shewen like friends,  
Was it hartie on your part to me?

*Erc.* Vnfained.

*Con.* You are false

To the good thought I held of you, and now  
Ioyne the worst part of man to you, your malice,  
To vphold that falsehood, sacred innocence  
Is fled your bosome. Signior, I must tell you,  
To draw the picture of vnkindnesse truely,  
Is to expresse two that haue dearly loued,  
And false at variance; tis a wonder to me,  
Knowing my interest in the sayre *Iolenta*,  
That you should loue her.

*Erc.* Compare her beauty, and my youth together,  
And you will find the faire effects of loue  
No myracle at all.

*Con.* Yes, it will proue prodigious to you.  
I must stay your Voyage.

*Erc.* Your Warrant must be mightie.

*Con.* 'Tas a Seale from heauen  
To doe it, since you would rauish from me  
What's there entituled mine: and yet I vow,  
By the essentiall front of spotlesse Vertue,  
I haue compassion of both our youths:  
To approue which, I haue not tane the way,  
Like an Italian, to cut your throat  
By practise, that had giuen you now for dead,  
And neuer frownd vpon you.

*Erc.* You deale faire sir.

*Con.* Quit me of one doubt, pray sir.

*Erc.* Moue it.

*Con.* Tis this,

Whether her Brother were a maine Instrument  
In her designe for Marriage.

*Erc.* If



*The Denile Law-Cafe.*

*Erc.* If I tell truth, you will not credit me.

*Con.* Why?

*Erc.* I will tell you truth,

Yet shew some reason you haue not to beleene me:

Her Brother had no hand in't. ist not hard

For you to credit this: for you may thinke,

I count it basenesse to ingage another

Into my quarrell; and for that take leaue

To dissemble the truth. Sir, if you will fight

With any but my selfe, fight with her Mother,

Shée was the motiue.

*Con.* I haue no enemy in the world then, but your selfe;  
You must fight with me.

*Erc.* I will sir. *Con.* And instantly.

*Erc.* I will haste before you, poynt whither.

*Con.* Why you speake nobly, and for this faire dealing,  
Were the rich Iewell which we vary for,  
A thing to be diuided, by my life,  
I would be well content to giue you halfe:  
But since tis vaine to thinke we can be friends,  
Tis needfull one of vs be tane away,  
From being the others enemy.

*Erc.* Yet me thinks, this looks not like a quarrell.

*Con.* Not a quarrell?

*Erc.* You haue not apparelled your fury well,  
It goes too plaine like a Scholler.

*Con.* It is an ornament makes it more terrible,  
And you shall finde it  
A weightie iniury, and attended on  
By discreet valour; because I doe not strike you,  
Or giue you the lye, such foule preparatiues  
Would shew like the stale iniury of Wine.  
I referue my rage to sit on my swords poynt,  
Which a great quantitie of your best blood  
Cannot satisfie.

*Erc.* You promise well to your selfe.  
Shall's haue no Seconds?

*Con.* None, for feare of preuention.

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Erc.* The length of our weapons.

*Con.* Weele fit them by the way :

So whether our time calls vs to liue or dye,

Let vs doe both like noble Gentlemen,

And true Italians.

*Erc.* For that let me embrace you:

*Con.* Me thinks, being an Italian, I trust you  
To come somewhat too neere me:

But your Ielousie gaue that embrace to trie  
If I were armed, did it not.

*Erc.* No belceue me,

I take your heart to be sufficient prooffe,

Without a priuie coat; and for my part,

A Taffaty is all the shirt of Mayle:

I am armed with.

*Con.* You deale equally.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Iulio, and Seruant.*

*Iul.* Where are these Gallants, the braue *Ercolo*,  
And noble *Contarino*?

*Ser.* They are newly gone sir,  
And bade me tell you, that they will returne  
Within this halfe houre.

*Enter Romelio.*

*Iul.* Met you the Lord *Ercolo*?

*Rom.* No, but I met the deuill in villanous tydings.

*Iul.* Why, what's the matter?

*Rom.* Oh I am powr'd out like water, the greatest  
Riuers i'th world are lost in the Sea,  
And so am I: pray leaue me.  
Where's Lord *Ercolo*?

*Iu.* You were scarce gone hence, but in came *Contarino*.

*Rom.* *Contarino*?

*Iu.* And intreated some priuate conference with *Ercolo*,  
And on the sudden they haue giu'n the slip.

*Rom.* One mischief neuer comes alone:  
They are gone to fight.

*Iul.* To fight?

*Rom.* And you be Gentlemen,  
Doe not talke, but make haste after them.

*Iul.* Let's

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Iul.* Let's take fenerall wayes then,  
And if't be pofible for womens fakes,  
For they are proper men, vie our endeavours,  
That the pricke doe not fpoyle them.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ercole, Comarino.*

*Con.* Youle not forgoe your intereft in my Miltris?

*Erc.* My fword fhall answer that; come, are you ready?

*Con.* Before you fight fir, thinke vpon your caufe,  
It is a wondrous foule one, and I wifh,  
That all your exercife thefe foure dayes paft,  
Had been employ'd in a moft feruent prayer,  
And the foule finne for which you are to fight  
Chiefly remembred in't.

*Erc.* Ide as foone take  
Your counfell in Diuinitie at this prefent,  
As I would take a kind direction from you  
For the managing my weapon; and indeed,  
Both would fhew much alike,  
Come are you ready?

*Con.* Bethinke your felfe,  
How faire the obiect is that we contend for.

*Erc.* Oh, I cannot forget it. *They fight.*

*Con.* You are hurt.

*Erc.* Did you come hither only to tell me fo,  
Or to doe it? I meane well, but 'twill not thrue.

*Con.* Your caufe, your caufe fir:  
Will you yet be a man of Confcience, and make  
Reftitution for your rage vpon your death-bed?

*Er.* Neuer, till the graue gather one of vs. *Fight.*

*Con.* That was faire, and home I thinke.

*Er.* You prate as if you were in a Fence-fchoole.

*Con.* Spare your youth, haue compafion on your felfe.

*Er.* When I am all in pieces, I am now vnfit  
For any Ladies bed; take the reft with you.

*Comarino wounded, falls vpon Ercole.*

*Con.* I am loft in too much daring; yeeld your fword.

*Er.* To the pangs of death I fhall, but not to thee.

*Con.* You are now at my repaying, or confufion:

*The Devils Law-Case.*

Begge your life.

*Erc* Oh most foolishly demanded,  
Tobid me beg that which thou canst not giue.

*Enter Romelio, Pros. Bapt. Ario Iulio.*

*Pro.* See both of them are lost; we come too late.

*Rom.* Take vp the body and conuey it  
To Saint *Sebastians* Monastery.

*Con.* I will not part with his sword, I haue won't.

*Iul.* You shall not:

Take him vp gently: so, and bow his body,  
For feare of bleeding inward.

Well, these are perfect louers. *Pros.* Why, I pray?

*Iul.* It has been euer my opinion,  
That there are none loue perfectly indeed,  
But those that hang or drowne themselves for loue:  
Now these haue chose a death next to Beheading,  
They haue cut one anothers throats,  
Braue valiant Lads.

*Pro.* Come, you doe ill, to set the name of valour  
Vpon a violent and mad despaire.  
Hence may all learne, that count such actions well,  
The roots of fury shoot themselves to hell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Romelio, Ario.*

*Ario.* Your losses I confesse are infinite,  
Yet sir, you must haue patience.

*Rom.* Sir, my losses I know, but you I doe not.

*Ari.* Tis most true, I am but a stranger to you, but am  
Wisht by some of your best friends, to visit you,  
And out of my experience in the world,  
To instruct you patience.

*Rom.* Of what profession are you?

*Ario.* Sir, I am a Lawyer.

*Rom.* Of all men liuing,

You Lawyers I account the onely men  
To confirme patience in vs, your delays  
Would make three parts of this little Christian world  
Run out of their wits else.  
Now I remember, you read Lectures to *Iulio*,

*Are*

*The Devils Law-Casse.*

Are you such a Leech for patience?

*Ari.* Yes sir, I haue had some crosses.

*Rom.* You are married then I am certaine.

*Ari.* That I am sir.

*Rom.* And haue you studied patience?

*Aris.* You shall find I haue.

*Rom.* Did you euer see your wife make you Cuckold?

*Aris.* Make me Cuckold?

*Rom.* I aske it seriously, and you haue not secne that,  
Your patience has not tane the right degree  
Of wearing Scarlet; I should rather take you  
For a Batchelor in the Art, then for a Doctor.

*Ari.* You are merry. (angry.)

*Rom.* No sir, with leaue of your patience, I am horrible

*Ari.* What should mooue you?

Put forth that harsh Interrogatory, if these eyes  
Euer saw my wife doe the thing you wot of.

*Rom.* Why Ile tell you,  
Most radically to try your patience,  
And the meere question shewes you but a Dunse in't.  
It has made you angry; there's another Lawyers beard  
In your forehead, you doe bristle.

*Ari.* You are very conceited:  
But come, this is not the right way to cure you.  
I must talke to you like a Diuine.

*Rom.* I haue heard some talk of it very much, and many  
times to their Auditors impatience; but I pray,  
What practise doe they make of it in their liues?  
They are too full of choller with liuing honest,  
And some of them not onely impatient  
Of their owne sleightest iniuries, but starke mad,  
At one anothers preferment: now to you sir,  
I haue lost three goodly Carracks. *Ari.* So I heare.

*Rom.* The very Spice in them,  
Had they been shipwrackt heere vpon our coast,  
Would haue made all our Sea a Drench.

*Aris.* All the sicke horses in Italy  
Would haue been glad of your losse there.

*Rom.* You



*The Devils Law-Caster.*

*Rom.* You are conceited too.

*Ario.* Come, come, come,  
You gaue those ships most strange, most dreadfull,  
And vnfortunate names, I neuer looke they'd prosper.

*Rom.* Is there any ill Omen in giuing names to ships?

*Ario.* Did you not call one, *The Scornes Defiance*;  
Another, *The Scourge of the Sea*; and the third,  
*The great Leviathan*?

*Rom.* Very right sir.

*Ari.* Very deuillish names  
All three of them; and surely I thinke,  
They were curst in their very cradles, I doe meane,  
When they were vpon their Stockes.

*Rom.* Come, you are superstitious,  
Ile giue you my opinion, and tis serious :  
I am perswaded there came not Cuckolds enow  
To the first Launching of them,  
And 'twas that made them thrine the worse for't.  
Oh your Cuckolds hanfell is praid for i'th Citie.

*Ari.* I will heare no more,  
Giue me thy hand, my intent of comming hither,  
Was to perswade you to patience; as I line,  
If euer I doe visit you agen,  
It shall be to intreat you to be angry, sure I will,  
Ile be as good as my word, helecue it.

*Exit.*

*Rom.* So sir : how how ?

*Enter Leonora.*

Are the Scritch-owles abroad already ?

*Leon.* What a dismall noyse yon bell makes,  
Sure some great person's dead. *Rom.* No such matter,  
It is the common Bell-man goes about,  
To publish the sale of goods.

*Leon.* Why doe they ring before my gate thus?  
Let them into'th Court, I cannot vnderstand  
What they say.

*Enter two Belmen and a Capouchin.*

*Cap.* For pitties sake, you that haue teares to shed,  
Sigh a soft Requiem, and let fall a Bead,  
For two vnfortunate Nobles, whose sad fate  
Leaues them both dead, and excommunicate :  
No Churchmans prayer to comfort their last groanes,

No

*The Devils Case.*

No sacred seed of earth to hide their bones;  
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,  
The Canon speaks them guilty of their owne death.

*Law.* What Noble men I pray for?

*Cap.* The Lord Erskine, and the noble Centurino,  
Both of them slain in single combat.

*Law.* O, I am lost for ever.

*Rem.* Denide Christian buriall, I pray what does that,  
Or the dead lazy march in the Funerall,  
Or the flattery in the Epitaph, which shewes  
More flattish farre then all the Spiders webs  
Shall ever grow vpon it: what doe these  
Adde to our well being after death?

*Cap.* Not a scruple.

*Rem.* Very well then,  
I haue certaine Medication,  
If I can thinke of somewhat to this purpose,  
Ile say it to you, while my mother there  
Numbers her Beades.

You that dwell neere these granes and vaults,  
Which oft doe hide Physicians faultes;  
Notce what a small Remedy suffices  
To expresse mens good; their vanities  
Would fill more volume in small hand  
Then all the Euidence of Church and  
Funerals hide men in ciuill wearing,  
And are to the Drapers a good hearing  
Make the Heraske high in their blacke rayment,  
And all die Worthies die worth payment  
To the Altar Offerings, tho their fame  
And all the Charitie of their name  
Twene heauen and this world no more light;  
Then rotten trees, which shine in thnight.  
Oh looke the last Act be the best in play,  
And then rest gentle bones, yet pay,  
That when by the poore you are vnderpayd,  
A Superfedas point is made,  
To remoouy you to a place more ayrie,

That

E

That

*The Devils Law-Case.*

That in your stead they may keepe chary  
Stockfish, or Seacolt, for the abbes  
Of sacrifice haue turn'd graues to vilder vices.  
How then can any Monument say,  
Here rest these bones, till the last day,  
When time swift both of foue and feather,  
May beare them the Sexton kens not whither.  
What care I then, tho my last sleepe,  
Be in the Desart, or in the deepe,  
No Lampe, nor Taper, day and night,  
To giue my Charnell chargeable light:  
I haue there like quantitie of ground,  
And at the last day I shall be found.  
Now I pray leave me.

*Capu.* I am sorry for your losses.

*Rom.* Vm sir the more spation that the Tennis court is,  
The more large is the Hazard.  
I dare the spitefull Fortune doe her worst,  
I can now feare nothing.

*Capu.* Oh sir, yet consider,  
He that is without feare, is without hope,  
And sins from presumption: better thoughts attend you.

*Ro.* Poore Tolenta, should she heare of this?  
*Enter, Ca.*  
Shee would not after the report keepe fresh,  
So long as flowers in graues.  
*Enter Prosspero.*  
How now *Prosspero*.

*Pro.* *Contarino* has sent you here his Will,  
Wherein a has made your sister his sole heire.

*Rom.* Is he not dead? *Pro.* Hee's yet liuing.

*Rom.* Liuing? the worse lucke.

*Eco.* The worse: I doe protest it is the best,  
That euer came to disturbe my prayers.

*Rom.* How?

*Leou.* Yet I would haue him liue  
To satisfie publique Iustice for the death  
Of *Ercole*: oh goe with him for heauens sake,  
I haue within my Closet a choyce Relicke,  
Presernatiue 'gainst swounding, and some earthy

Brought

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Brought from the Holy Land, right soueraigne  
To staunchbloud: haue he skilfull Surgeons, thinke you?

*Pro.* The best in Naples?

*Rom.* How oft has he been drest?

*Pro.* But once.

*Leo.* I haue some skill this way:

The second or third dressing will shew clearly,

Whether there be hope of life: I pray be neere him,

If there be any soule can bring me word,

That there is hope of life.

*Rom.* Doe you prize his life so?

*Leo.* That he may liue;

I meane, to come to his tryall, to satisfie the Law.

*Rom.* Oh, is't nothing else?

*Leo.* I shall be the happiest woman. *Exeunt Le, Pro.*

*Rom.* Here is cruelty appareled in kindnesse.

I am ful of thoughts, strange ones, but they'r no good ones.

I must visit *Contarino*, vpon that

Depends an Engine shall weigh vp my losses,

Were they sunke as low as hell; yet let me thinke,

How I am impayred in a houre, and the cause of't,

Loss in securitie: oh how this wicked world bewitches,

Especially made in solott with riches:

So Sayles with fore-winds stretcht, doe soonest breake,

And Piramides ath top, are still most weake. *Exit.*

*Enter Capuchin, Eccoleled betweene two.*

*Cap.* Looke vp sir, you are preferr'd beyond naturall  
reason, you were brought dead out a'th field, the Surgeons  
ready to haue embalmed you.

*Erc.* I do looke on my action with a thought of terror,  
To doe ill and dwell in't, is vnmannerly.

*Cap.* You are diuinely informed sir.

*Erc.* I fought for one, in whom I haue no more right,  
Then false executors haue in Orphans goods,  
They cozen them of; yet tho my cause were naught,  
I rather chose the hazard of my soule,  
Then foregoe the complement of a chollerick man.

*The Devils Law-Case.*

I pray continue the report of my death and giue out, and  
Cause the Church denyed me Christian buriall, and  
The Viceadmirall of my Gallies tooke my body,  
With purpose to commit it to the earth,  
Either in Cicil, or Malta.

*Cap.* What ayme you at by this rumour of your death?

*Erc.* There is hope of life  
In *Contarino*; and he has my prayers,  
That he may liue to enioy what is his owne,  
The faire *Iolenta*; where should it be thought  
That I were breathing, happily her friends  
Would oppose it still.

*Cap.* But if you be supposed dead,  
The Law will strictly prosecute his life  
For your murder.

*Erc.* That's preuented thus,  
There does belong a noble Priviledge  
To all his Family, euer since his father,  
Bore from the worthy Emperour *Charles* the first,  
An answer to the French Kings challenge, at such time  
The two noble Princes were engag'd to fight.  
Vpon a frontier arme o'th sea in a flat-bottom'd Boat,  
That if any of his Family should chance  
To kill a man i'th Field, in a noble cause,  
He should haue his Pardon; now sir, for his cause,  
The world may iudge if it were not honest.  
Pray helpe me in speech, tis very painfull to me.

*Cap.* Sir I shall.  
*Erc.* The guilt of this lyes in *Romelio*,  
And as I heare, to second this good Contract,  
He has got a Nun with child.

*Cap.* These are crimes that either must make worke  
For speedy repentance, or for the Denill.

*Erc.* I haue much compassion on him,  
For sinne and shame are euer ryde together,  
With Gordion knots, of such a strong threed spun,  
They cannot without violence be vndone.

*Exeunt.*  
*Explicit Actus secundus.*

ACTVS



*The Devils Law-Casse.*

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Ariosto, Crispiano.*

*Ariost.* Well sir, now, I must claime your promise,  
To reveale to me the cause why you lieth thus clouded.

*Crisp.* Sir, the King of Spaine  
Suspects, that your *Romelio* here, the Merchant  
Has discover'd some Gold-myne to his owne use,  
In the West Indies, and for that employes me,  
To discover in what part of Christendome  
He vents this Treasure: Besides, he is informed  
What mad tricks has bin plaid of late by Ladies!

*Ari.* Most true, and I am glad the King has heard on't:  
Why they vs for their Lords, as if they were their Wardes;  
And as your Dutchwomen in the Low-Countries  
Take all and pay all, and doe keepe their Husbands  
So silly all their liues of their owne estates,  
That when they are sicke, and come to make their Will,  
They know not precisely what to giue away  
From their wines, because they know not what they are  
So heere should I repeat what fashions;  
What Bar-fowling for Offices,  
As you must conceive their Game is all i'th night,  
What calling in question one anothers honesties  
Withall what sway they beare i'th Victroyes Court,  
You'd wonder at it:  
Twill doe well shortly, can we keepe them off  
From being of our Council of Warre.

*Crisp.* Well, I have vowed  
That I will neuer sit vpon the Bench more,  
Vnlesse it be to curbe the insolencies  
Of these women.

*Ari.* Well, take it on my word then,  
Your place will not long be emptie.

*Enter Romelio in the habit of a Jew.*

*Rom.* Excellently well habited, why me thinks  
That I could play with mine owne shadow now,

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

And be a rare Italianated Jew;  
To haue as many feuerall change of faces;  
As I haue seene caru'd vpon on Cherry-stone;  
To winde about a man like rotten Iuie,  
Eate into him like Quickfilner; poyson a friend  
with pulling but a loose haire from his beard, or giue a dröch,  
He should linger oft nine yeares, and nere complaine,  
But in the Spring and Fall, and so the cause  
Imputed to the disease naturall; for sleight villanies,  
As to coyne money, corrupt Ladies Honours,  
Betray a Towne to th-Turke, or make a Bonefire  
A'th Christian Nauy, I could fettle too;  
As if I had eate a Politician,  
And digested him to nothing but pure blood.  
But stay, I loose my selfe, this is the house

Within there. *Enter two Surgeons.*

*1. Sur.* Now first *Rom.* You are the men of Art, that as I heare,  
Haue the Lord Constantine under cure.

*2. Sur.* Yes sir, we are his Surgeons,  
But he is past all Cure.

*Rom.* Why, is he dead?  
*1. Sur.* He is speechlesse sir, and we doe find his wound  
So fester'd neere the vitals, all our Art  
By warme drinks, cannot cleare th'impostumation,  
And hee's so weak, to make  
By the Orifix were present death to him.

*Rom.* He has made a Will I heare.

*Rom.* And deputed *Isabella* his heyre.

*2. Sur.* He has, we are witnesse too't.

*Rom.* Has not *Romeo* been with you yet,  
To giue you thanks, and ample recompence  
For the paines you haue tane.

*1. Sur.* Not yet.

*Rom.* Listen to me Gentlemen, for I protest,  
If you will seriously mind your owne good,  
I am come about a businesse shall conuey  
Large legacies from *Constantine's* Will  
To both of you.

*2. Sur.*

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

2. *Sur.* How fir?

*Rom.* Why *Rom.* has the will & in that he has giuen vs nothing.

*Rom.* I pray attend me: I am a Phisician.

2. *Sur.* A Phisician? where doe you practise?

*Rom.* In Rome.

1. *Sur.* O then you haue store of Patients.

*Rom.* Store? why looke you, I can kill my so: a month  
And worke but i'th forenoones: you will giue me leave

To iest and be merry with you: but as I said,

All my study has been Phisicke, I am sent

From a noble Roman that is neere a kinne

To *Contarino*, and that ought indeed

By the Law of Alliance, be his onely heyre,

To practise his good and yours.

*Both.* How, I pray fir?

*Rom.* I can by an Extraction which I haue,

Tho he were speechlesse, his eyes set in's head,

His pulses without motion, restore to him

For halfe an houres space, the vse of sense,

And perhaps a little speech: hauing done this,

If we can worke him, as no doubt we shall,

To make another Will, and therein assigne

This Gentleman his Heyre, I will assure you,

Fore I depart this house, ten thousand Duckets,

And then weeke pull the pillow from his head,

And let him goe whither the Religion sends him

That he died in.

1. *Sur.* Will you giue's ten thousand Duckets?

*Rom.* Vpon my Iewisme. *Contarino in a bed.*

2. *Sur.* Tis a bargaine fir, we are yours.

Here is the Subic & you must worke on.

*Rom.* Well said; you are honest men;

And goe to the businesse roundly: but Gentlemen,

I must vse my Art singly.

1. *Sur.* Oh fir, you shall haue all privacy,

*Rom.* And the doores lockt to me.

2. *Sur.* At your best pleasure.

Yet for all this, I will not trust this Iew.

1. *Sur.*

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*1. Sny.* Faith, to say truth,  
I doe not like him neither, he looks like a rogue.  
This is a fine toy, fetch a man to life,  
To make a new Will, there's some trick in't.  
Ile be neere you Iew.

*Exeunt Surgeons.*

*Rom.* Excellent as I would wish: these credulous fooles  
Have giuen me freely what I would haue bought  
With a great deale of money. — Softly, her's breath yet;  
Now *Ercole*, for part of the Reuenge,  
Which I haue vow'd for thy vnimely death:  
Besides, this politic working of my owne,  
That scornes President, why should this great man liue,  
And not enioy my sister, as I haue vow'd  
He neuer shall? Oh, he may alters will  
Euery New Moone if he please; to preuent which,  
I must put in a strong Caution: Come forth then  
My desperate Steele to, that may be worne  
In a womans haire; and neere discouer'd  
And either would be taken for a Bodkin,  
Or a curling yron at most; why tis an engine,  
That's onely fit to put in execution *Barinotio Pigs*,  
A most vnnimely weapon,  
That steales into a mans life he knowes not how:  
O great *Casus*, he that past the shocke  
Of so many armed Pikes, and poyson'd Darts,  
Swords, Slings, and Battledaxes, should at length  
Sitting at ease on a cushion, come to dye  
By such a Shoo-makers snare as this; his soule let forth  
At a hole, no bigger then the incision  
Made for a wheal on yds foot, I am horribly angry;  
That he should dye so scurviely: yet wherefore  
Doe I condemne thee hereof so cruelly?  
Yet shake him by the hand, tis to expresse,  
That I would neuer haue such weapons vsed,  
But in a plot like this, that's treacherous:  
Yet this shall prooue most mercifull to thee,  
For it shall preserve thee  
From dying on a publique Scaffold, and wilt ball

Bring

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Bring thee an absolute Cure, thus. *Stabs him.*  
So, tis done: and now for my escape. *Enter Surgeons.*

1. *Sur.* You Rogue Mountebanke,  
I will try whether your inwards can indure  
To be washt in scalding lead.

*Rom.* Hold, I turne Christian.

2. *Sur.* Nay prethee bee a Jew still;  
I would not haue a Christian be guiltie  
Of such a villanous act as this is.

*Rom.* I am *Romelio* the Marchant.

1. *Sur.* *Romelio*! you haue prooued your selfe  
A cunning Marchant indeed.

*Rom.* You may reade why I came hither.

2. *Sur.* Yes, in a bloody Roman Letter.

*Rom.* I did hate this man, each minute of his breath  
Was torture to me.

1. *Sur.* Had you forborne this act, he had not lin'd  
This two houres.

*Rom.* But he had died then,  
And my reuenge vn-satisfied: here's gold;  
Neuer did wealthy man purchase the silence  
Of a terrible scolding wife at a dearer rate,  
Then I will pay for yours: here's your earnest  
In a bag of double Duckets.

2. *Sur.* Why looke you sir, as I do weigh this busines,  
This cannot be counted murder in you by no meanes.  
Why tis no more, then should I goe and choke  
An Irish man, that were three quarters drown'd,  
With powring Vsquebath in's throat.

*Ro.* You will be secret. 1. *Sur.* As your soule. (then.

*Rom.* The west Indies shall sooner want gold, then you

2. *Sur.* That protestation has the musick of the Mint in't.

*Ro.* How vnfortunatly was I surpriz'd, I haue made my  
selfe a slaue perpetually to these two beggars. *Exit.*

1. *Sur.* Excellent; by this act he has made his estate ours.

2. *Sur.* Ile presently grow a lazy Surgeon, & ride on my  
foot-cloth; Ile fetch from him euery eight dayes a policy  
for a hundred double Duckets; if hee grumble, Ile peach.



*The Devils Law-Case.*

1. *SNY.* But let's take heed he doe not poyson vs;  
2. *SNY.* Oh, I will never eate nor drinke with him,  
Without Vnicornes Horne in a hollow tooth.

*CON.* Oh. 1. *SNY.* Did he not groane?

2. *SNY.* Is the wind in that doore Rinn?

1. *SNY.* Ha! come hither, note a strange accident:  
His Steele has lighted in the former wound,  
And made free passage for the congealed blood;  
Obserue in what abundance it deliueers the putrification.

2. *SNY.* Me thinks he fetches his breath very liuely.

1. *SNY.* The hand of heauen is in't,  
That his entent to kill him should become  
The very direct way to saue his life.

2. *SNY.* Why this is like one I haue heard of in England,  
Was cured a'th Gowt, by being rackt i'th Tower.  
Well, if we can recouer him, here's reward  
On both sides: how soeuer we must be secret.

1. *SNY.* We are tyde too't,  
When we cure Gentlemen of foule diseases,  
They giue vs so much for the cure, and twice as much,  
That we doe not blab on't. Come lets to worke roundly,  
Heat the Lotion, and bring the Searing. *Exeunt.*

*A Table set forth with two Tapers, a Deaths head, a  
Booke, Iolent in mourning, Romelio sits by her.*

*Rom.* Why do you grieue thus? take a Looking-glasse,  
And see if this sorrow become you; that pale face  
Will make men thinke you vſde ſome Art before,  
Some odious painting: *Contarino's dead.*

*Iol.* Oh that he should dye ſo ſoone.

*Rom.* Why, I pray tell me,  
Is not the ſhortest feuer the beſt? and are not bad Playes  
The worſe for their length?

*Iolent.* Adde not to'th illy'ane done  
An odious ſlander; he ſtuck i'th eyes a'th Court,  
As the moſt choyce iewel there.

*Rom.* Oh be not angry;  
Indeed the Court to well compoſed nature

*Addes*

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Addes much to perfection : for it is or should be,  
As a bright Christian Minister to the world,  
To dresse it selfe ; but I must tell you sister,  
If th'excellency of the place could haue wrought saluation,  
The Deuill had nere falne from heauen, he was proud,  
Leaue vs, leaue vs ?

Come, take your seat agen, I haue a plot,  
If you will listen to it seriously,  
That goes beyond example, it shall breed  
Out of the death of these two Noble men,  
The aduancement of our House.

*Iol.* Oh take heed; a graue is a rotten foundation.

*Rom.* Nay, nay, heare me.

Tis somewhat indirectly, I confesse:  
But there is much aduancement in the world,  
That comes in indirectly. I pray mind me:  
You are already made by absolute Will,  
*Contarino's* heyre : now, if it can be prooued,  
That you haue issue by Lord *Ercole*,  
I will make you inherite his Land too.

*Iol.* How's this ? issue by him, he dead, and I a Virgin !

*Rom.* I know you would wonder how it could be done,  
But I haue layd the case so radically,  
Not all the Lawyers in Christendome,  
Shall finde any the least flaw in't : I haue a Mistris  
Of the Order of *Saint Clare*, a beauntious Nun,  
Who being cloystred she knew the heat,  
Her blood would arrise so, had onely time enough  
To repent, and idlenesse sufficient  
To fall in loue with mee; and to be short,  
I haue so much disordered the holy Order,  
I haue got this Nun with child.

*Iol.* Excellent worke made for a dumbe Mid-wife.

*Rom.* I am glad you grow thus pleasant.  
Now will I haue you presently giue out,  
That you are full two moneths quickned with child  
By *Ercole*, which rumour can beget  
No scandall to you, since we will affirme,

*The Denils Law-Cafe.*

The Precontract was so exactly done,  
By the same words y<sup>d</sup>e in the forme of marriage,  
That with a litle Dispensation,  
A money matter, it shall be registred  
Absolute Matrimony.

*Iol.* So then I conceaue you,  
My concealed child must proue your Bastard.

*Rom.* Right: for at such time  
My Mistris fals in labour, you must faine the like.

*Iol.* Tis a pretty feat this, but I am not capable of it.

*Rom.* Not capable?

*Iol.* No, for the thing you would haue me counterfet,  
Is most essentially put in practise: nay, tis done,  
I am with child already.

*Rom.* Ha, by whom?

*Iol.* By *Contarino*, doe not knit the brow,  
The Precontract shall iustifie it, it shall:  
Nay, I will get some singular fine Churchman,  
Or tho he be a plurall one, shall affirme,  
He coupled vs together.

*Rom.* Oh misfortune!

Your child must then be reputed *Ercoles*.

*Iol.* Your hopes are dashed then, since your Votaries issue  
Must not inherit the land.

*Rom.* No matter for that,  
So I preferue her fame. I am strangely puzzled:  
Why, suppose that she be brought abed before you,  
And we conceale her issue till the time  
Of your deliuey, and then giue out,  
That you haue two at a birth; ha, wert not excellent?

*Iol.* And what resemblance think you, would they haue  
To one another? Twinnes are still alike:  
But this is not your ayme, you would haue your child  
Inherite *Ercoles* Land, — Oh my sad soule,  
Haue you not made me yet wretched ynough,  
But after all this frostie age in youth,  
Which you haue wight vpon me, you will seeke  
To poyson my Fame.

*Rom.* That's done already.

*Iol.* No

*The Devils Law-Case.*

*Iol.* No fir; I did but faine it,  
To a fatall purpose, as I thought.

*Rom.* What purpose?

*Iol.* If you had lou'd or tendred my deare honour,  
You would haue lockt your ponyard in my heart,  
When I nam'd I was with child; but I must liue  
To linger out, till the consumption of my owne  
Sorrow kill me.

*Rom.* This will not doe; the Deuill has on the sudden  
furnisht mee with a rare charme, yet a most vnnaturall  
falshood: no matter so 'twill take.

Stay sister, I would vtter to you a businesse,  
But I am very loath: a thing indeed,  
Nature would haue compassionately conceal'd,  
Till my mothers eyes be closed.

*Iol.* Pray what's that fir?

*Rom.* You did obserue;  
With what a deare regard our mother tendred  
The Lord *Contarino*, yet how passionately  
Shee sought to crosse the match: why this was meereley  
To blind the eye o'th world; for she did know  
That you would marry him, and he was capable  
My mother doated vpon him, and it was plotted  
Cunningly betweene them after you were married,  
Liuing all three together in one house,  
A thing I cannot whisper without horror:  
Why, the malice scarfe of Devils would suggest,  
Incontinence 'twene them two.

*Iol.* I remember since his hurt,  
Shee has bene very passionately enquiring,  
After his health.

*Rom.* Vpon my soule, this Iewell;  
With a piece of the holy Crosse in't, this relicke,  
Vallew'd at many thousand crownes, she would haue sent  
him, lying vpon his death-bed.

*Iol.* Professing as you say,  
Loue to my mother: wherefore did he make  
Me his heyre?

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Rom.* His Will was made afore he went to fight,  
When he was first a Suitor to you.

*Iol.* To fight : oh well remembered,  
If he lou'd my mother, wherefore did he loose  
His life in my quarrell ?

*Rom.* For the affront sake, a word you vnderstand not,  
Because *Ercole* was pretended Riuall to him,  
To cleare your suspition, I was gulld in't too :  
Should he not haue fought vpon't,  
He had vndergone the censure of a Coward.

*Iol.* How came you by this wretched knowledge ?

*Rom.* His Surgeon ouer-heard it,  
As he did sigh it out to his Confessor,  
Some halfe houre fore hee died.

*Iol.* I would haue the Surgeon hang'd  
For abusing Confession, and for making me  
So wretched by'th report. Can this be truth ?

*Rom.* No, but direct falshood,  
As euer was banisht the Court : did you euer heare  
Of a mother that has kept her daughters husband  
For her owne tooth ? He fancied you in one kind,  
For his lust, and he loued  
Our mother in another kind, for her money,  
The Gallants fashion right. But come, nere thinke on't,  
Throw the fowle to the Deuill that hatcht it, and let this  
Bury all ill that's in't, shee is our mother.

*Iol.* I neuer did find any thing ith world,  
Turne my blood so much as this : here's such a conflict,  
Betweene apparant presumption, and vnbeleefe,  
That I shall dye in't.

Oh, if there be another world i'th Moone,  
As some fantasticks dreame, I could wish all men,  
The whole race of them, for their inconstancy,  
Sent thither to people that. Why, I protest,  
I now affect the Lord *Ercoles* memory,  
Better then the others.

*Rom.* But were *Comarino* liuing.

*Iol.* I doe call any thing to witnesse,

That



*The Devils Law-Cast.*

That the diuine Law prescribed vs  
To strengthen an oath; were he liuing and in health,  
I would neuer marry with him.

Nay, since I haue found the world  
So false to me, Ile be as false to it;

I will mother this child for you. *Rom.* Ha?

*Iol.* Most certainly it will beguile part of my sorrow.

*Rom.* Oh most assuredly, make you smile to thinke,  
How many times ith world Lordships descend  
To diuers men, that might and truth were knowne  
Be heyre, for any thing belongs to'th flesh,  
As well to the Turkes richest Eunuch.

*Iol.* But doe you not thinke  
I shall haue a horrible strong breath now.

*Rom.* Why?

*Iol.* Oh, with keeping your counsel, tis so terrible foule.

*Rom.* Come, come, come,  
You must leaue these bitter flashes.

*Iol.* Must I dissemble dishonestie? you haue diuers  
Counterfeit honestie: but I hope here's none  
Will take exceptions; I now must practise  
The art of a great bellyed woman, and goe faine  
Their qualmes and swoondings.

*Rom.* Eat vnripe fruit, and Oatmeale, to take away  
your colour.

*Iol.* Dine in my bed some two houres after noone.

*Rom.* And when you are vp,  
Make to your petticoat a quilted preface,  
To aduance your belly.

*Iol.* I haue a strange conceit now.  
I haue knowen some women when they were with child,  
Haue long'd to beat their Husbands: what if I,  
To keepe decorum, exercise my longing  
Vpon my Taylor that way, and noddle him soundly,  
Heele make the larger Bill for't.

*Rom.* He get one shall be as tractable too't as Stockfish.

*Iol.* Oh my phantastickall sorrow,  
Cannot I now be miserable enough,

Vnlesse

*The Devils Law-Case.*

Vnlesse I weare a pyde fooles coat :  
Nay worfe, for when our passions  
Such giddy and vncertaine changes breed,  
We are neuer well, till we are mad indeed. *Exit.*

*Rom.* So, nothing in the world could haue done this,  
But to beget in her a strong distaste  
Of the Lord *Contarino* : oh Ielousie,  
How violent, especially in women,  
How often has it raisd the deuil vp in forme of a law case?  
My especiall care must be, to nourish craftily this fiend,  
Twene the mother and the daughter, that the deceit  
Be not perceiued. My next taske, that my sister,  
After this supposed child-birth, be perswaded  
To enter into Religion : tis concluded,  
Shee must neuer marry; so I am left guardian  
To her estate : and lastly, that my two Surgeons  
Be waged to the East Indies : let them prate,  
When they are beyond the Lyne; the Callenture,  
Or the Scuruy, or the Indian Pox, I hope,  
Will take order for their comming backe. *Enter Leon.*  
Oh heere's my mother : I ha strange newes for you,  
My sister is with child.

*Leo* I doe looke now for some great misfortunes  
To follow : for indeed mischiefes,  
Are like the Visits of Franciscan Fryers,  
They neuer come to pray vpon vs single.  
In what estate left you *Contarino*?

*Rom.* Strange, that you can skip  
From the former sorrow to such a question?  
Ile tell you, in the absence of his Surgeon,  
My charitie did that for him in a trice,  
They would haue done at leasure, and been paid for't.  
I haue killed him.

*Leon.* I am twentie yeares elder since you last opened  
your lips.

*Rom.* Ha?

*Leon.* You haue ginon him the wound you speake of,  
Quite thorow your mothers heart.

*Rom.* I will heale it presently mother : for this sorrow  
Belongs

*The Devils Ld. Case.*

Belongs to your artour, you would have him live, and T  
Became you think he's father of the child, and you bnd  
But *Isolenta* vows by all the rights of Truth, and you bnd  
Tis *Ercles*; it makes me smile to thinke, and you bnd  
How cunningly my sister could be drawn and you bnd  
To the Contract, and yet how familiarly and you bnd  
To his bed. Does never couple and you bnd  
Without a kind of murmur. *Leo*. Oh, I am very sick.

*Rom*. Your old disease, when you are griev'd, and you bnd  
You are troubled with the Mother.

*Leo*. I am rap'd with the Mother indeed, and you bnd  
That I ever bore such a sonne.

*Rom*. Pray tend my sister, and you bnd  
I am infinitely full of business.

*Leo*. Stay, you will mourne for *Isolenta*.

*Ro*. Oh by all means, is fit my sister is his heire, *Erc*.

*Leo*. I will make you chiefe mourner, beleeve it, and I  
Neuer was wont like in the world that my care, and I  
And absolute study to preserve his life, and I  
Should be his absolute ruine. Is he gone then? and I  
There is no plague that the world can be compared, and I  
To impossible desire; for they are plagued, and I  
In the desire it self: neuer, oh neuer, and I  
Shall I behold him living in whose life  
I lived sure sweeter than in mine owne, and I  
A precise cast of it had undone me; why did I not, and I  
Make nily to the lady my sister, that had not been, and I  
Beyond example, for a Matron, and I  
To affect it th' honourable way of Marriage, and I  
So youthfull a person; but I shall thinke mad, and I  
For as we loue our youngest children best; and I  
So the last fruit of booke of wisdom, and I  
Where euer we bestow it, is most strong, and I  
Most violent, most unresistible, and I  
Since tis indeed our latest Harvest home, and I  
Last winter, and we widdowes, and I  
As men report, of our best and finest matters, and I  
We loue the piece we art in hand with betwixt, and I

*The Devils Laine-Case.*

Then all the excellent worke we have done before,  
And my sonne has depriv'd me of all this. Ha my sonne,  
Ile be a fury to him, like an Amazon Lady,  
Ide cut off his right pap, that gave him sucke,  
To shoot him dead. Ile no more tender him,  
Then had a Wolfe stolne to my teat i'th night,  
And robb'd me of my milke: nay, such a creature  
I should love better farre. — Ha, ha, what say you?  
I doe talke to somewhat, me thinks, it may be  
My euill Genius. Doe not the Bells ring?  
I haue a strange noyse in my head: oh, fly in pieces,  
Come age, and wither me into the malice  
Of those that haue been happy; let me haue  
One propertie more then the Deuill of Hell,  
Let me enuy the pleasure of youth heartily,  
Let me in this life feare no kinde of ill,  
That haue no good to hope for: let me dye  
In the distraction of that worthy Princess;  
Who loathed food, and sleepe, and ceremony,  
For thought of loosing that braue Gentleman,  
She would faine haue faued, had not a false countenance.  
Let me sinke, where neither paine,  
Nor memory may euer find me.

*Cap.* This is a priuate way which I command,  
As her Confessor. I would not haue you scene yet,  
Till I prepare her. Peace to you Lady.

*Leo.* Ha?  
*Cap.* You are not employ'd, I hope; the best pillow i'th  
World for this your contemplation, is the earth,  
And the best obiect heauen.

*Leo.* I am whispering to a dead friend.

*Cap.* And I am come  
To bring you tidings of a friend not dead,  
Referu'd to life againe.

*Leo.* Say fir.  
*Cap.* One whom I dare presume, next to your children,  
You tendred above life.

*Leo.* Heauen will not suffer me vterly to be lost.

*Cap.* For hee should haue been  
Your sonne in Law, miraculously saued,

When

*The Devils Last-Case.*

When Surgery gaue him ore.

*Leon.* Oh, may you liue  
To winne many soules to heauen, worthy sir,  
That your crowne may be the greater. Why my sonne  
made me beleue he stole into his chamber,  
And ended that which *Erco* began  
By a deadly stabb in's heart.

*Erco.* Alas, shee mistakes,  
Tis *Contarino* she wishes liuing; but I must fasten  
On her last words, for my owne safetie.

*Leo.* Where, oh where shall I meet this comfort?

*Erco.* Here in the vowed comfort of your daughter.

*Leo.* Oh I am dead agen, instead of the man, you pre-  
sent me the graue swallowed him.

*Erco.* Collect your selfe, good Lady,  
Would you behold braue *Contarino* liuing?  
There cannot be a nobler Chronicle  
Of his good then my selfe: if you would view him dead,  
I will present him to you bleeding fresh,  
In my penitency. *Leo.* Sir, you doe onely liue,  
To redeme another ill you haue committed,  
That my poore innocent daughter perish not,  
By your vild sinne, whom you haue got with child.

*Erco.* Here begin a'l my compassion: oh poore soule!  
Shee is with child by *Contarino*, and he dead,  
By whom should shee preferue her fame to'th world,  
But by my selfe that loued her bene the world?  
There neuer was a way more honourable,  
To exercise my vertue, then to father it,  
And preferue her credit, and to marry her.  
He suppose her *Contarino's* widdow, bequeath'd to me  
Vpon his Death: for sure shee was his wife,  
But that the Ceremony a'th Church was wanting.  
Report this to her, Madam, and withall,  
That neuer father did conceane more ioy  
For the birth of an heyre, then I to vnderstand,  
Shee had such confidence in me. I will not now  
Presse a Visitt vpon her, till you haue prepar'd her.



*The Devils Last Gasse.*

For I doe reade in your distraction,  
Should I be brought a'rth suddens to her presence,  
Either the hastie fright, or else the shame  
May blast the fruit within her. I will leave you,  
To commend as loyall faith and seruice to her,  
As ere heart harbour'd by my hope of blisse,  
I neuer liu'd to doe good a't but this.

*Cup.* Withall and you be wise,

Remember what the mother has reueal'd  
Of *Romelio's* treachery.

*Exeunt Ercole, Capucchin.*

*Leo.* A most noble fellow in his loyaltie.

I read what worthy tomes I have lost  
In my deare *Conscience*, and all addes  
To my dispayre. — Within there.

*Enter Winifrid.*

Fetch the picture hangs in my inner closet. I remember,  
I let a word slip of *Romelio's* practise.

*Exit Winifrid.*

At the Surgeons: no matter I can loose it,

I haue deeper vengeance than's preparing for him,

To let him liue and kill him this revenge

I meditate vpon.

*Enter Win and the Picture.*

*Leo.* So, hang it up.

I was enioy'd by the picture of that picture,

Fortie yeares since, euer when I was young,

To looke vpon that: what was his meaning in't,

I know not, but he thinkes vpon the sudden,

It has furnisht me with mischief such a plot,

As neuer mother dreamt of. Here begins

My part i'th play: my sonnes estate is sunke,

By losse at sea, and he has nothing left,

But the Land his father left him. I is concluded,

The Law shall vnder him. Come hither,

I haue a weightie secret to impart,

But I would haue thee first confirme to mee,

How I may trust, that thou canst keepe my counsell,

Beyond death.

*Win.* Why Maistris, tis your onely way,

To enioyne me first that I reueale to you

The worst a't I ere did in all my life:

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

So one ſecret ſhall bind one another.

*Leo.* Thou inſtru'ſt me  
Moſt ingenuouſly, for indeed it is not fit,  
Where any act is p'otted, that is nought,  
Any of counſell to it ſhould be good,  
And in a thouſand il's haue hap't 't'w world,  
The intelligence of one anothers ſhame,  
Haue wrought farre more eſſentially than the eye  
Of Conſcience, or Religion.

*Win.* But thinke not, Miſtris,  
That any ſinne which euer I committed,  
Did concerne you, for proouing falſe in one thing,  
You were a foole, if euer you would truſt me  
In the leaſt matter of weight.

*Leo.* Thou haſt lived with me  
Theſe forty yeares; we haue growne old together,  
As many Ladies and their women doe,  
With talking nothing, and with doing leſſe;  
We haue ſpent our life in that which canſt concerne life,  
Only in putting on our clothes; and now I thinke on't,  
I haue been a very courtly Miſtris to thee;  
I haue giuen thee good words, but no deeds; now's the  
To requite all; my ſonne has five Lordſhips left him,

*Win.* Tis true.

*Leo.* But he cannot liue foure dayes to enioy them.

*Win.* Haue you poiſoned him?

*Leo.* No, the poiſon is yet but brewing.

*Win.* You muſt miniſter it to him with all priuacie.

*Leo.* Priuacie? It ſhall be giuen him  
In open Court, Ile make him ſwallow it  
Before the Iudges face: if he be Maſter  
Of poore ten arpines of land forrie houſes longer,  
Let the world repute me an honeſt woman.

*Win.* So 'twill I hope.

*Leo.* Oh thou canſt not conceiue  
My vnimitable plot; let's to my ghoully Father;  
Were firſt I will haue thee make a promiſe  
To keepe my counſell; and then I will employ thee

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

In such a subtrill combination,  
Which will require to make the practise fit,  
Foure Devils, five Advocates to a womans wit. *Exeunt.*  
*Explicit Actus Tertij.*

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Leonora, Sanitonella at one doore, Winifrid,*

*Register : at the other Ariosto.*

*San.* Take her into your Office sir, shee has that in her  
Belly, will drie vp your inke I can tell you.  
This is the man that is your learned Councell,  
A fellow that will trowle it off with tongue:  
He neuer goes without Restorative powder  
Of the lungs of Fox in's pocket, and Malligo Reasins  
To make him long winded. Sir, this Gentlewoman  
Intreats your Counsell in an honest cause,  
Which please you sir, this Brieft, my owne poore labor  
Will giue you light of.

*Aris.* Doe you call this a Brieft?  
Here's as I weigh them, some fourescore sheets of paper,  
What would they weigh if there were cheese  
Wrapt in them, or Figdates.

*San.* Ioy come to you, you are merry;  
We call this but a Brieft in our Office.  
The scope of the businesse lyes ith Margent sheet.

*Aris.* Me think you prate too much.  
I neuer could endure an honest cause  
With a long Prologue too'r.

*Leon.* You trouble him.

*Ar.* Whats here? oh strange; I haue lined this 60 yeres,  
Yet in all my practise neuer did shake hands  
With a cause so odious. Sirrah, are you her knaue?

*San.* No sir, I am a Clarke.

*Aris.* Why you whorson fogging Rascall,  
Are there not whores enow for Presentations,  
Of Ouerseers, wrong the will o'th Dead,  
Oppressions of Widdowes, or young Orphans,

Wicked

*The Denill Law-Case.*

Wicked Diuerses, or your vicious cause  
Of *Plus quam satis*, to content a woman,  
But you must find new stratagems, new pursuits,  
Oh women, as the Ballet lines to tell you,  
What will you shortly come to?

*San.* Your Fee is ready sir.

*Ari.* The Denill take such Fees,  
And all such Suits i' r'htayle of thee; see the flane  
Has writ false Latine: firrah Ignorance,  
Were you euer at the Vniuersitie?

*San.* Neuer sir:

It is well knowne to diuers I haue Commenc't  
In a Pewe of our Office.

*Ari.* Where, in a Pew of your Office?

*San.* I haue been dry, foundred with't this foure yeares,  
Seldome found Non resident from my deske.

*Ari.* Non resident Subsummer:  
He teare your Libell for abusing that word,  
By vertue of the Clergie.

*San.* What doe you meane sir?  
It cost me foure nights labour.

*Ario.* Hadst thou been drunke so long,  
T'hadst done our Court better Service.

*Leo.* Sir, you doe forget your granitic, me thinks.

*Ario.* Cry ye mercy, doe I so?  
And as I take it, you doe very little remember;  
Eithe. womanhood, or Christianitie: why doe ye meddle  
With that seducing knaue, that's good for nought,  
Vnlesse 'tbe to fill the Office full of Fleas,  
Or a Winter itch, weares that spacious Inkeborne  
All a Vacation onely to cure Texters;  
And his Penknife to weed Cornes from the splay toes:  
Of the right worshipfull of the Office.

*Leo.* You make bold with me sir.

*Aria.* Woman, yare mad, He swear't, & haue more need  
Of a Physician then a Lawyer.  
The melancholly humour shewes in your face,  
Your painting cannot hide it: such vildsuits

Disgrace

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Disgrace our Courts, and those make honest Lawyers  
Stop their own cases, whilst they plead: & that's the reason  
Your younger men that have good conscience,  
weare such large Night-caps; go old woman, go pray,  
For Lunacy, or else the Devil himselfe  
Has tane possession of thee; may like cause  
In any Christian Court thou shalt find names  
Bad Suits, and worse the Law, bred the Lawes shame. *Exit*

*Leon.* Sure the old man's frantick.

*San.* Plague on's gowrie fingers,  
Were all of his mind, to entertaine no suits,  
But such they thought wast honest; sure our Lawyers  
Would not purchase halfe so fast:  
But here's the man, *Enter Corbulo a French Lawyer.*  
*Learned Seignior Corbulo* here's a fellow  
Of another piece beleeve it, I must make shift  
With the foule Copie. *What Business to he?*

*San.* To you sir, from this Lady. *Con.* She is welcom.

*San.* Tis a foule Copy sir, youle hardly read it,  
There's twenty double duckets, can you reade sir?

*Con.* Exceeding well, verie, verie exceeding well.

*San.* This man will be saved, he can read; Lord, Lord,  
To see, what money can doe, be the hand never so foule,  
Somewhat will be pickt out on't.

*Con.* Is not this *Piast* benefite?

*San.* No that's stricke our eye  
And where ever you find *viens* in these papers,  
Give it a dash sir. *Con.* I shall be mindfull of it:

In troth you write a pretty Secretary,  
Your Secretary hand ever takes best in mine opinion.

*San.* Sir, I have been in France;  
And there beleeve't your Court hand generally  
Takes beyond thought.

*Con.* Even as a man is traded in't.

*San.* That I could not think of this vertuous Gentleman  
Before I went to'th tother Hogg-rubber.  
Why this was went to give young Clerkes halfe fees,  
To helpe him to Clyents. Your opinion in the Cafe sir.

*Con.* I



*The Devils Law Case.*

*Con.* I am stricke with wonder almost exasped;  
With this most goodly Suite.

*Leon.* It is the fruit of a most heartie penitence.

*Con.* Tis a Case shall leave a President to all the world,  
In our succeeding Annals, and deserves  
Rather a spacious publike Theater,  
Then a pent Court for Audence; it shall teach  
All Ladies the right path to rectifie their issue.

*San.* Los you, here's a man of comfort.

*Con.* And you shall goe vnto a peacefull grave,  
Discharg'd of such a guilt, as would haue layne  
Howling for euer at your wounded heart,  
And rose with you to Iudgement.

*San.* Oh giue me such a Lawyer, as will think of the day

*Leo.* You must vrge the businesse against him  
As spitefully as may be.

*Con.* Doubt not. What is he for mon'd?

*San.* Yes, & the Court will sit within this halfe houre.  
Peruse your Notes, you haue very short warning.

*Con.* Neuer feare you that;  
Follow me worthy Lady, and make account  
This Suite is ended already.

*Enter Officers preparing seats for the Judges,  
to them Exeats asslled.*

1. *Of.* You would haue a private seat sir.

*Exc.* Yes sir.

2. *Of.* Here's a Cloffe belongs to th Court,  
Where you may heare all enscene.

*Exc.* I thank you, there's money.

2. *Of.* I giue you your thanks agen sir.

*Con.* Ist possible *Romelio's* periwaded,  
You are gone to the East Indies.

1. *Sur.* Most confidently.

*Con.* But doe you meane to goe?

2. *Sw.* How? goe to the East Indies?

And so many Hollanders gone to fetch sance for their pic-  
keld Herrings; some haue bene pepper'd there so largely,  
but I pray, being thus well recouerd of your wounds,

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Why doe you not conceal your selfe?

*Con.* That my fayre *Iolande* should be rumor'd  
To be with child by noble *Ercole*,  
Makes me expect to what a violent issue  
These passages will come. I heare her brother  
Is marrying the Infant shee got with, for it be borne,  
As if it be a Daughter,  
To the Duke of *Austria* Nephew; if a Sonne,  
Into the Noble ancient Family  
Of the *Palatinate*. Here's a subtile Deuill.  
And I doe wonder what strange Suite in Law,  
Has hapt betweene him and's mother.

*1. Sur.* 'Tis whisper'd 'mong the Lawyers,  
'Twill vndoe him for ever. *Enter Sanis. Win.*

*San.* Doe you heare Officers?  
You must take speciall care, that you let in  
No *Brachigraphy* men, to take notes.

*1. Of.* No sir? *San.* By no meanes,  
We cannot haue a Cause of any fame,  
But you must haue scuruy pamphlets, and lewd Ballads  
Engendred of it presently.

*San.* Haue you broke fast yet? *Win.* Not I sir.

*San.* 'Twas very ill done of you:  
For this cause will be long a pleading; but not matter,  
I haue a modicum in my Buckram bagg,  
To stop your stomacke.

*Win.* What is't? *Greeneginger?*

*San.* *Greeneginger*, nor *Pellitory* of Spaine neither,  
Yet 'twill stop a hollow tooth better then either of them.

*Win.* Pray what is't?

*San.* Looke you,  
It is a very lonely Pudding-pye,  
Which we Clerkes find great reliefe in.

*Win.* I shall haue no stomacke.

*San.* No matter and you haue not, I may pleasure  
Some of our Learned Councell with't; I haue done it  
Many a time and often, when a Cause  
Has ptooued like an after-game at Irish.

*Enter*

*The Devils Law-Cast.*

*Enter Crispiane like a Judge, with another Judge, Contilupo,  
and another Lawyer at one Barre, Romelio, Arisio, at  
another, Leonora with a blacke maile out-  
ber, and Julia.*

*Crisp.* Tis a strange Suite, is *Leonora* come.

*Conti.* She's here my Lord: make way there for the Lady.

*Crisp.* Take off her Maile: it seems she is ashamed  
To looke her cause i'th face.

*Conti.* Shee's sicke, my Lord.

*Ari.* Shee's mad my Lord, & would be kept more dark.  
By your fauour sir, I haue now occasion to be at your el-  
bow, and within this halfe houre shall intreat you to bee  
angry, very angry. *Crisp.* Is *Romelio* come?

*Rom.* I am here my Lord, and call'd I doe protest,  
To answer what I know not, for as yet  
I am wholly ignorant, of what the Court  
Will charge me with.

*Crisp.* I assure you, the proceeding  
Is most vnequall then, for I perceiue,  
The Councell of the aduerse partie furnisht  
With full Instruction.

*Rom.* Pray my Lord, who is my accuser?

*Crisp.* Tis your mother.

*Rom.* Shee has discovered *Conturino's* murder:  
If shee prooue so vnaturall, to call  
My life in question, I am arm'd to suffer  
This to end all my losses.

*Crisp.* Sir, we will doe you this fauour,  
You shall heare the Accusation,  
Which being knowne, we will adiourne the Court,  
Till a fortnight hence, you may prouide your Counsell.

*Aris.* I aduise you, take their proffer,  
Or else the Lunacy runnes in a blood,  
You are more mad then shee. *Rom.* What are you sir?

*Aris.* An angry fellow that would doe thee good,  
For goodnesse sake it selfe, I doe protest,  
Neither for loue nor money.

*Rom.* Prethee stand further, I shal gall your gowt else.

*The Devils Law-Case.*

*Ar.* Come, come, I know you for an East-Indy Marchant,  
You haue a picke of pride in you Rith

*Rem.* My Deed, I am so strengthened in my Innocence,  
For any the least shadow of a crime,  
Committed gainst my mother, or the world,  
That shee can charge me with, here doe I make it  
My humble suit, solely this house and place,  
May giue it as full hearing, and as free  
And vnrestrain'd a Sentence.

*Cri.* Be not too confident, you haue cause to feare.

*Rem.* Let feare dwell with Earth-quakes,  
Shipwracks at Sea, or Prodigies in heauen,  
I cannot set my selfe so many fathome  
Beneath the haight of my true heart, as feare.

*Ari.* Very fine words I assure you, if they were to any

*Cri.* Well, haue your intreaties (purpose.  
And if your owne credulitie vndoe you,  
Blame not the Court hereafter, fall to your Plea.

*Con.* May it please your Lordsh. & the reuerend Court,  
To giue me leaue to open to you a Case  
So rare, so altogether voyd of President,  
That I doe challenge all the spacious Volumes,  
Of the whole Cinill Law to shew the like.

We are of Councell for this Gentlewoman,

We haue receiu'd our Fee, yet the whole course

Of what we are to speake, is quite against her,

Yet weeke deserue our fee too. There stands one,

*Romelio* the Marchant; I will name him to you,

Without either title or addition:

For those false beames of his supposed honour,

As voyd of true hear, as are all painted fires,

Or Glow-wormes in the darke, suite him all basely,

As if he had bought his Gentry from the Herauld,

With money got by extortion: I will first

Produce this *Esops* Crow, as he stands forfeit,

For the long vse of his gay borrowed plumes,

And then let him hop naked: I come to'th poynt,

T'as been a Dreame in Naples, very neere

This

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

This eight and thirtie yeares, that this *Romello*,  
Was nobly descended, he has rankt himselfe  
With the Nobilitie, shamefully vsurp  
Their place, and in a kind of sawey pride,  
Which like to Mushromes, euer grow most ranke,  
When they do spring from dung-hills, sought to orcsway,  
The *Fliski*, the *Grimaldi*, *Dori*,  
And all the ancient pillars of our State;  
View now what he is come to: this poore thing  
Withour a name, this Cuckow hatcht ith nest  
Of a Hedge-sparrow.

*Rom.* Speakes he all this to me?

*Ari.* Onely to you sir.

*Rom.* I doe not aske thee, prettely hold thy prating!

*Ari.* Why very good, you will be presently  
As angry as I could wish.

*Contil.* What title shall I set to this base coyn;,  
He has no name, and for's aspect he seemes,  
A Gyant in a May-game, that within  
Is nothing but a Porter: He vndertake,  
He had as good haue traueled all his life  
With Gypsies: I will sell him to any man  
For an hundred Chickens, and he that buyes him of me,  
Shall loose by th hand too.

*Ari.* Loe, what you are come too  
You that did seorne to trade in any thing,  
But Gold or Spices, or your Cochineele,  
He rates you now at poore Iohn.

*Rom.* Out vpon thee, I would thou wert of his side,

*Ari.* Would you so?

*Rom.* The deuill and thee together on each hand,  
To prompt the Lawyers memory when he founders.

*Cris.* Signior *Contilupo*, the Court holds it fit,  
You leaue this stale declaiming 'gainst the person,  
And come to the matter.

*Cont.* Now I shall my Lord.

*Cris.* It shoves a poore malicious eloquence,  
And it is strange, men of your grauitie



*The Devils Law-Cases*

Will not forget it: verely, I presume,  
If you but heard your selfe speaking with my eares,  
Your phrase would be more modest.

*Contil.* Good my Lord, be assured,  
I will leaue all circumstance, and come toth purpose:  
This *Romelio* is a Bastard.

*Rom.* How, a Bastard? Oh mother,  
Now the day begins grow hote on your side.

*Contil.* Why thence is your accuser.

*Rom.* I had forgot that, was my father married to any  
other woman, at the time of my begetting?

*Contil.* That's not the businesse.

*Rom.* I turne me then to you that were my mother,  
But by what name I am to call you now,  
You must instruct me: were you euer married  
To my father?

*Leon.* To my shame I speake it, neuer.

*Crisp.* Not to *Francisco Romelio*?

*Leo.* May it please your Lordships,  
To him I was, but he was not his father.

*Cont.* Good my Lord, giue vs leaue in a few words,  
To expound the Riddle, and to make it plaine,  
Without the least of scruple: for I take it,  
There cannot be more lawfull prooffe i'th world,  
Then the oath of the mother.

*Crisp.* Well then, to your prooffes, and be not tedious.

*Contil.* Ile conclude in a words

Some nine and thirtie yeares since, which was the time,  
This woman was married, *Francisco Romelio*,  
This Gentlemans putatiue father, and her husband  
Being not married to her past a fortnight,  
Would needs goe trauell; did so, and continued  
In *France* and the *Low-Countries* eleuen monthes:  
Take speciall note o'th time, I beseech your Lordship,  
For it makes much to'th businesse: in his absence  
He left behind to sojourne at his house  
A Spanish Gentleman, a fine spruce youth  
By the Ladies confession, and you may be sure

He

*The Devils Law-Case.*

He was no Eunuch neither; he was one  
*Romelio* loued very dearely, as oft haps,  
No man aliue more welcome to the husband  
Then he that makes him Cuckold.  
This Gentleman I say, *whilbe*  
Breaking all Lawes of Hospitality;  
Got his friends wife with child, a full two moneths  
Fore the husband returned.

*San.* Good sir, forget not the Lambskin.

*Contil.* I warrant thee.

*Sa.* I wil pinch by the buttock, to put you in mind of't.

*Contil.* Prethee hold thy prating.

What's to be practis'd now my Lord? Marry this,  
*Romelio* being a yong nouice, not acquainted  
With this precedence, very innocently  
Returning home from trauell, finds his wife  
Growne an excellent good Huswife, for she had set  
Her women to spin Flax, and to that vse,  
Had in a study which was built of stone,  
Stor'd vp at least an hundreth waight of flaxe:  
Marry such a threed as was to be spun from the flax,  
I thinke the like was neuer heard of.

*Crisp.* What was that?

*Contil.* You may be certaine, shee would lose no time,  
In bragging that her Husband had got vp  
Her belly: to be short, at seven moneths end,  
Which was the time of her deliuey,  
And when shee felt her selfe to fall in trauell,  
Shee makes her Wayting woman, as by mischance,  
Set fire to the flax, the flight whereof,  
As they pretend; causes this Gentlewoman  
To fall in paine, and be deliuered  
Eight weekes afore her reckoning.

*San.* Now sir, remember the Lambeskin.

*Con.* The Midwife strait howles out, there was no hope  
Of th' infants life, swaddles it in a dead Lambeskin,  
As a Bird hatcht too early, makes it vp  
With three quarters of a face, that made it looke

Like

*The Devils Law-Case.*

Like a Changeling, cries out to *Romelio*,  
To haue it Christned, least it should depart  
Without that it came for; and thus are many seru'd,  
That take care to get Gospals for those children,  
To which they might be Godfathers themselves,  
And yet be no arch-Puritans neither.

*Crisp.* No more.

*Ar.* Pray my Lord giue him way, you spoile his oratory  
else: thus would they iest were they feed, to open their  
sisters cases. *Crisp.* You haue vrged enough,  
You first affirme, her husband was away from her  
Eleuen moneths. *Contil.* Yes my Lord.

*Crisp.* And at seven moneths end,  
After his returne shee was deliuered  
Of this *Romelio*, and had gone her full time.

*Contil.* True my Lord.

*Crisp.* So by this account this Gentleman was begot,  
In his supposed fathers absence.

*Contil.* You haue it fully.

*Crisp.* A most strange Suite this, tis beyond example,  
Either time past, or present; for a woman,  
To publish her owne dishonour voluntarily,  
Without being called in question, some fortie yeares  
After the sinne committed, and her Councell  
To enlarge the offence with as much Oratory,  
As euer I did heare them in my life,  
Defend a guiltie woman; tis most strange:  
Or why with such a poisoned violence  
Should shee labour her soones vndoing: we obserue  
Obedience of creatures to the Law of Nature,  
Is the stay of the whole world; here that Law is broke,  
For though our Ciuill Law makes difference  
Tweene the base, and the legitimate; compassionat Nature  
Makes them equal, nay, shee many times preferres them.  
I pray resolve me sir, haue not you and your mother  
Had some Suite in Law together lately?

*Rom.* None my Lord.

*Crisp.* No? no contention about parting your goods?

*Rom.* Not

*The Devils Law-Case.*

*Rom.* Not any. *Cris.* No flaw, no unkindnesse?

*Rom.* None that euer arriv'd at my knowledge.

*Cris.* Berthink your selfe, this cannot chuse but saavour  
Of a womans malice deeply; and I feare,  
Y<sup>e</sup>are practiz'd vpon most deuillishly.

How hapt Gentlewoman, you reueal'd this no sooner?

*Leo.* While my husband liued, my Lord, I durst not.

*Cris.* I should rather aske you, why you reueale it now?

*Leo.* Because my Lord, I loath'd that such a sinne  
Should lie smother'd with me in my graue; my penitence,  
Though to my shame, preferres the reuealing of it  
Boue worldly reputation. *Cris.* Your penitence?  
Might not your penitence haue beene as hartie,  
Though it had neuer summon'd to the Court  
Such a conflux of people.

*Leon.* Indeed I might haue confest it,  
Priuatly toth Church, I grant; but you know repentance  
Is nothing without satisfaction.

*Crisp.* Satisfaction? why your Husbands dead,  
What satisfaction can you make him?

*Leo.* The greatest satisfaction in the world, my Lord,  
To restore the land toth right heire, & thats my daughter.

*Crisp.* Oh shee's straight begot then.

*Ario.* Very well, may it please this honourable Court,  
If he be a bastard, and must forfeit his land for't,  
She has prooued her selfe a strumpet, and must loose  
Her Dower, let them goe a begging together.

*San.* Who shall pay vs our Fees then?

*Cris.* Most iust.

*Ario.* You may see now what an old house  
You are like to pull ouer your head, Dame.

*Rom.* Could I conceiue this Publication  
Grew from a heartie penitence, I could beare  
My vndoing the more patiently; but my Lord,  
There is no reason, as you sayd euen now,  
To satisfie me: but this suite of hers  
Springs from a deuillish malice, and her pretence,  
Of a griued Conscience, and Religion,

*The Devils Law-Case.*

Like to the horrid Powder-Treason in England,  
Has a most bloody vnnaturall reuenge  
Hid vnder it: Oh the violencies of women!  
Why they are creatures made vp and compounded  
Of all monsters, poysoned Myneralls,  
And forcerous Herbes that growes.

*Ari.* Are you angry yet?

*Rom.* Would men expresse a bad one,  
Let him forsake all naturall example,  
And compare one to another; they haue no more mercy,  
Then ruinous fires in great tempests;

*Aria.* Take heed you doe not cracke your voice fir.

*Rom.* Hard hearted creatures, good for nothing else,  
But to winde dead bodies.

*Ari.* Yes, to weaue seaming lace with the bones of their  
Husbands that were long since buried, and curse them  
when they tangle.

*Rom.* Yet why doe I  
Take Bastardy so distastfully, when i'th world,  
A many things that are essentiall parts  
Of greatnesse, are but by-slips, and are father'd  
On the wrong parties.

Prefeiment in the world a many times,  
Safely begotten: nay, I haue obseru'd  
The immaculate Iustice of a poore mans cause,  
In such a Court as this, has not knowen whom  
To call Father, which way to direct it selfe  
For Compassion: but I forget my temper,  
Onely that I may stop that Lawyers throat,  
I doe beseech the Court, and the whole world,  
They will not thinke the baselyer of me,  
For the vice of a mother: for that womans sinne,  
To which you all dare swear when it was done,  
I would not giue my consent.

*Cris.* Stay, heere's an Accusation,  
But here's no prooff; what was the Spanyards name  
You accuse of adultery? *Com.* Don *Crispiano*, my Lord.

*Crisp.* What part of Spaine was he borne in?

*Contil.* In Castile. *Inl.* This may proue my father.

*San.* And



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*San.* And my Master, my Clyent's spoyl'd then.

*Crisp.* I knew that Spanyard well; if you be a Bastard,  
Such a man being your father, I dare vouch you  
A Gentleman; and in that Signiour *Contilupo*,  
Your Oratory went a little too farre.

When doe wee name *Don Iohn* of *Austria*,  
The Emperours sonne, but with reuerence;  
And I haue knowne in diuers Families,  
The Bastards the greater spirits; but to'th purpose,  
What time was this Gentleman begot?  
And be sure you lay your time right.

*Ario.* Now the mettall comes to the Touchstone.

*Contil.* In *Anno* seuentie one, my Lord.

*Crisp.* Very well, seuentie one:  
The Battell of *Lepanto* was fought in't;  
A most remarkeable time, 'twill lye for no mans pleasure:  
And what prooffe is there more then the affirmation of the  
Mother, of this corporall dealing?

*Contil.* The deposition of a Wayting-woman serued  
her the same time. *Crisp.* Where is shee?

*Con.* Where is our Solicitor with the Waitingwoman?

*Ario.* Roome for the bagge and baggage.

*San.* Here my Lord, *Ore tenus.*

*Crisp.* And what can you say Gentlewoman?

*Win.* Please your Lordship, I was the partie that dealt  
In the businesse, and brought them together.

*Crisp.* Well.

*Win.* And conueyed letters betweene them. (house?)

*Cr.* What needed letters, when tis said he lodg'd in her

*Win.* A running Ballad now and then to her Violl,  
For he was neuer well, but when he was fiddling.

*Crisp.* Speake to the purpose, did you euer know them  
bed together? *Win.* No my Lord,  
But I haue brought him to the bed side.

*Crisp.* That was somewhat neere to the busines;  
and what, did you helpe him off with his shooes?

*Win.* He wore no shooes, an't please you my Lord.

*Crisp.* No? what then, Pumpes? *Win.* Neither.

*The Devils Law-Case.*

*Crisp.* Boots were not fit for his iourney.

*Win.* He wore Tennis-court woollen slippers,  
For feare of creaking fir, and making a noyse,  
To wake the rest o'th house.

*Crisp.* Well, and what did he there,  
In his Tennis-court woollen slippers?

*Win.* Please your Lordship, question me in Latin,  
For the cause is very foule; the Examiner o'th Court  
Was faine to get it out of me alone i'th Counting-house,  
Cause he would not spoyle the youth o'th Office.

*Ari.* Here's a Latin spoone, and a long one,  
To feed with the Deuill.

*Win.* Ide be loth to be ignorant that way,  
For I hope to marry a Proctor, & take my pleasure abroad  
At the Commencements with him.

*Aris.* Come closer to the businesse.

*Win.* I wil come as close as modesty will giue me leaue.  
Truth is, euery morning when hee lay with her,  
I made a Caudle for him, by the appoyntment  
Of my Mistris, which he would still refuse,  
And call for small drinke.

*Crisp.* Small drinke? *Aris.* For a Iulipe.

*Win.* And said he was wondrous thirstie.

*Crisp.* What's this to the purpose?

*Win.* Most effectuell, my Lord,  
I haue heard them laugh together extreemely,  
And the Curtaine rods fall from the tester of the bed,  
And he nere came from her, but hee thrust money in my  
hand; and once in truth, he would haue had some dealing  
with mee, which I tooke; he thought 'twould be the onely  
way ith world to make me keepe counsell the better.

*San.* That's a stinger, tis a good wench, be not daunted.

*Cri.* Did you euer find the print of two in the bed?

*Win.* What a questions that to be askt, may it please your  
Lordsh. tis to be thought he lay nearer to her then so.

*Crisp.* What age are you of Gentlewoman?

*Win.* About six and fortie, my Lord.

*Crisp.* Anno seuentie one,

And

*The Devils Law-Case.*

And *Romelio* is thirty eight : by that reckoning,  
You were a Bawd at eight yeare old : now verily,  
You fell to the Trade betimes.

*San.* There ya're from the Byas.

*Win.* I doe not know my age directly; sure I am elder,  
I can remember two great frosts, and three great plagues,  
And the losse of Callis, and the first comming vp  
Of the Breeches with the great Codpiece,  
And I pray what age doe you take me of then ?

*San.* Well come off agen.

*Ari.* An old hunted Hare, she has all her doubles.

*Rom.* For your owne grauities,  
And the reuerence of the Court, I doe beseech you,  
Rip vp the cause no further, but proceed to Sentence.

*Crisp.* One question more and I haue done :  
Might not this *Crispiano*, this Spanyard,  
Lye with your Mistris at some other time,  
Either afore or after, then ith absence of her husband ?

*Leo.* Neuer. *Cris.* Are you certaine of that ?

*Leo.* On my soule, neuer.

*Cris.* That's well he neuer lay with her,  
But in anno seuenty one, let that be remembered.  
Stand you aside a while. Mistris, the truth is,  
I knew this *Crispiano*, liued in Naples  
At the same time, and loued the Gentleman  
As my bosome friend; and as I doe remember,  
The Gentleman did leaue his Picture with you,  
If age or neglect haue not in so long time ruin'd it.

*Leo.* I preferue it still my Lord.

*Cris.* I pray let me see't, let me see the face  
I then loued so much to looke on.

*Leo.* Fetch it. *Win.* I shall, my Lord.

*Cris.* No, no, Gentlewoman,  
I haue other businesse for you.

1. *Sur.* Now were the time to cut *Romelio's* throat,  
And accuse him for your murder.

*Contar.* By no meanes.

2. *Sur.* Will you not let vs be men of fashion,

*The Devils Law-Case.*

And downe with him now hee's going ?

*Carar.* Peace, lets attend the sequell.

*Crisp.* I commend you Lady,

There was a maine matter of Conscience,

How many ills spring from Adultery :

Firſt, the ſupreame Law that is violated,

Nobilitie oft ſtain'd with Baſtardy,

Inheritance of Land faſly poſſeſt,

The husband /corn'd, wife ſham'd, and babes vnbleſt.

So, hang it vp i'th Court; you haue heard, *The Picture.*

What has been vrged gainſt *Romelio*.

Now my definitiue ſentence in this cauſe,

Is, I will giue no ſentence at all. *Ario.* No ?

*Crisp.* No, I cannot, for I am made a partie.

*San.* How a party ? here are fine croſſe trickes,  
What the deuill will he doe now ?

*Criſp.* Signior *Ariaſto*, his Maieſtie of Spaine,

Conferres my Place vpon you by this Patent,

Which till this vrgent houre I haue kept

From your knowledge : may you thrive in't, noble ſir,

And doe that which but few in our place doe,

Goe to their graue vncuſt. *Ario.* This Law buſineſſe

Will leaue me ſo ſmall leaſure to ſerue God,

I ſhall ſerue the King the worſe.

*San.* Is hee a Iudge ?

We muſt then looke for all Conſcience, and no Law,  
Heele begger all his followers.

*Criſp.* Sir, I am of your Counſell, for the cauſe in hand

Was begun at ſuch a time, fore you could ſpeake;

You had need therefore haue cauſe ſpeake for you.

*Ario.* Stay, I doe here firſt make proteſtation,  
I nere tooke fee of this *Romelio*,

For being of his Counſell, which may free me,

Being now his Iudge, for the imputation

Of taking a Bribe. Now ſir, ſpeake your mind.

*Criſp.* I do firſt intreat, that the eyes of all here preſent,  
May be fixt vpon this

*Leo.* Oh, I am confounded : this is *Criſpiano*.

*Ind.* This

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Iul* This is my father, how the Iudges haue bleated him.

*Win.* You may see truth will out in spite of the Deuill.

*Cris.* Behold, I am the shadow of this shadow,  
Age has made me so; take from me fortie yeares,  
And I was such a Summer fruit as this,  
At least the Paynter fayned so: for indeed,  
Painting and Epitaphs are both alike,  
They flatter vs, and say we haue been thus:  
But I am the partie here, that stands accused,  
For Adultery with this woman, in the yeare  
Seuentie one: now I call you my Lord to witnesse,  
Foure yeares before that time, I went to'th Indies,  
And till this month, did neuer set my foot since  
In Europe; and for any former incontinence,  
She has vowed there was neuer any: what remains then,  
But this is a meere practise 'gainst her sonne,  
And I beseech the Court it may be sifted,  
And most seuerely punished.

*San.* Vds foot, we are spoyled,  
Why my Clyent's prooued an honest woman.

*Win.* What doe you thinke will become of me now?

*San.* You'll be made daunce *lachrima* I feare at a Carts

*Ari.* You Mistris, where are you now? (tayle.  
Your Tennis-court slips, and your tane drinke  
In a morning for your hote liuer; where's the man,  
Would haue had some dealing with you, that you might  
Keepe counsell the better.

*Win.* May it please the Court, I am but a yong thing,  
And was drawne asie, varfie into the businesse.

*Ario.* How young? of fise and fortie?

*Win.* Fise and fortie, and shall please you!  
I am not fise and twentie:  
Shee made me colour my haire with Bean-flower,  
To seeme elder then I was; and then my rotten teeth,  
With eating sweet-meats: why, should a Farrier  
Looke in my mouth, he might mistake my age.  
Oh Mistris, Mistris, you are an honest woman,  
And you may be asham'd on't, to abuse the Court thus.

*Leo.* What-



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Leo.* Whatsoere I haue attempted,  
Gainst my owne fame, or the reputation  
Of that Gentleman my sonne, the Lord *Contarino*  
Was cause of it. *Conta.* Who I?

*Ario.* He that should haue married your daughter?  
It was a plot belike then to conferre  
The land on her that should haue bin his wife.

*Leo.* More then I haue said already, all the world  
Shall nere extract from me; I intreat from both  
Your equall pardons. *Iul.* And I from you sir.

*Crisp.* Sirrah, stand you aside,  
I will talke with you hereafter.

*Iul.* I could neuer away with after reckonings.

*Leo.* And now my Lords, I doe most voluntarily  
Confine my selfe vnto a stricter prison,  
And a seuerer penance, then this Court can impose,  
I am entred into Religion.

*Con.* I the cause of this practise; this vngodly woman,  
Has sold her selfe to falshood: I wil now reueale my selfe.

*Erco.* Stay my Lord, here's a window  
To let in more light to the Court.

*Cont.* Mercy vpon me! oh, that thou art liuing  
Is mercy indeed!

*I. Sur.* Stay, keepe in your shell a little longer?

*Erco.* I am *Ercole*.

*Ario.* A guard vpon him for the death of *Contarino*.

*Erco.* I obey the arrest o'th Court.

*Rom.* Oh sir, you are happily restored to life,  
And to vs your friends.

*Erco.* Away, thou art the Traytor:  
I onely liue to challenge; this former suite,  
Tought but thy fame, this accusation  
Reaches to thy fame and life: the braue *Contarino*  
Is generally supposed slaine by this hand.

*Con.* How knowes he the contrary? *Erc.* But truth is,  
Hauing receined from me some certaine wounds,  
Which were not mortall, this vild murderer,  
Being by Will deputed Ouerseer

*The Devils Law Case.*

Of the Noblemans Estate, to his sisters use,  
That he might make him sure from suruining,  
To reuoke that Will, stole to him in's bed, and kild him.

*Rom.* Strange, vnheard of, more practise yet!

*Ari.* What prooffe of this?

*Erco.* The report of his mother deliuered to me,  
In distraction for *Centurino's* death.

*Con.* For my death? I begin to apprehend,  
That the violence of this womans loue to me,  
Might practise the disinheriting of her sonne.

*Ario.* What say you to this *Leonora*?

*Leo.* Such a thing I did vtter out of my distraction:  
But how the Court will censure that report,  
I leaue to their wisdomes. *Ario.* My opinion is,  
That this late slander vrge against her sonne,  
Takes from her all manner of credit:  
Shee that would not sticke to depriue him of his lining,  
Will as little tender his life. *Leo.* I beseech the Court,  
I may retire my selfe to my place of pennance,  
I haue vowed my selfe and my woman.

*Ario.* Goe when you please: what should moue you  
Be thus forward in the accusation?

*Erco.* My loue to *Centurino*.

*Ari.* Oh, it bore very bitter fruit at your last meeting.

*Erco.* Tis true: but I begun to loue him,  
When I had most cause to hate him, when our bloods  
Embrac'd each other, then I pitied,  
That so much valour should be hazarded  
On the fortune of a single Rapier,  
And not spent against the Turke.

*Ario.* Stay sir, be well aduised,  
There is no testimony but your owne,  
To approue you slew him, therefore no other way  
To decide it, but by Duell.

*Con.* Yes my Lord, I dare affirme gainst all the world,  
This Noble man speakes truth.

*Ari.* You will make your selfe a party in the Duell.

*Rom.* Let him, I wil fight with the both, sixteen of them.

*The Devils Law-Cast.*

*Ercs.* Sir, I doe not know you.

*Cont.* Yes but you haue forgot me, you and I haue sweat  
In the Breach together at Malta.

*Ercs.* Cry you merer, I haue knowne of your Nation  
Braue Souldiers.

*Iulio.* Now if my father  
Haue any true spirit in him, Ile recover

His good opinion Doe you heare? doe not sweare fir,

For I dare sweare, that you will sweare a lye,

A very filthy, stinking, rotten lye:

And if the Lawyers thinke not this sufficient,

Ile giue the lye in the stomacke,

That's somewhat deeper then the throat;

Both here, and all France ouer and ouer,

From Marselys, or Bayon, to Callis Sands,

And there draw my Sword vpon thee,

And new scoure it in the grauell of thy kidneys.

*Ari.* You the Defendant charged with the murder,

And you Second there,

Must be committed to the custody

Of the Knight-Marshall; and the Court gines charge,

They be to morrow ready in the Listes

Before the Sunne be risen.

*Rom.* I doe entreat the Court, there be a guard

Placed ore my Sister, that shee enter not

Into Religion: shee's rich my Lords,

And the perswasions of Fryers, to gaine

All her possessions to their Monasteries,

May doe much vpon her.

*Ario.* Weele take order for her.

*Crisp.* There's a Nun too you haue got with child,

How will you dispose of her?

*Rom.* You question me, as if I were gran'd already,

When I haue quencht this wild-fire

In *Ercles* tame blood, Ile tell you.

*Ercs.* You haue iudged to day

A most confused practise, that takes end

In as bloody a tryall, and we may obserue

By these great persons, and their indirect

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Proceedings, shadowed in a vaile of State,  
Mountaines are deformed heaps, sweld up aloft;  
Vales wholsomer, though lower, and trod on oft.

*Sen.* Well, I will pu vp my papers,  
And send them to France for a President,  
That they may not say yet, but for one strange  
Law suite, we come somewhat neere them. *Exeunt.*

*Explicit Acti quartus.*

ACTVS QVINTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Iolenta, and Angiolalla great belied.*

*Iol.* How dost thou friend? welcome, thou and I.  
Were play-fellowes together, little children,  
So small awhile agoe, that I presume,  
We are neither of vs wise yet.

*Angi.* A most sad truth on my part:

*Iol.* Why doe you plucke your vaile  
ouer your face?

*Angi.* If you will belecue truth,  
There's nought more terrible to a guiltie heart,  
As the eye of a respected friend.

*Iol.* Say friend, are you quicke with child?

*Angi.* Too sure. *Iol.* How could you know  
Of your first child when you quicke-d?

*Angi.* How could you know friend?  
Tis reported you are in the same taking.

*Iol.* Ha, ha, ha, so tis giuen out:  
But *Ercoles* comming to life againe, has shrunked,  
And made inuisible my great belly; ves faith,  
My being with child was merely in supposition,  
Not practise.

*Angi.* You are happy, what would I giue,  
To be a Mayd againe?

*Iol.* Would you, to what purpose?  
I would neuer giue great purchase for that thing  
Is in danger enery houre to be lost: pray thee laugh.  
A Boy or a Girl for a wager?

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Angio.* What heaven please.

*Iolen.* Nay, nay, will you venter  
A chaine of Pearle with me whether?

*Angio.* Ile say nothing,  
I haue ventur'd too much for't already, my fame,  
I make no question, sister, you haue heard  
Of the intended combate.

*Iolen.* O what else?  
I haue a sweet heart in't, against a brother.

*Angio.* And I a dead friend, I feare; what good counsell  
Can you minister vnto me?

*Iolen.* Faith onely this,  
Since there's no meanes i'th world to hinder it,  
Let thou and I wench get as farre as we can  
From the noyse of it.

*Angio.* Whither?

*Iolen.* No matter, any whither.  
*Angio.* Any whither, so you goe not by sea:  
I cannot abide rough water.

*Iolen.* Not indure to be tumbled? say no more then,  
Weele be land-Souldiers for that tricke: take heart,  
Thy boy shall be borne a brane Roman.

*Angio.* O you meane to goe to Rome then.

*Iol.* Within there. Beare this Letter *Enter a seruant*  
To the Lord *Ercole*. Now wench, I am for thet  
All the world ouer.

*Angio.* I like your shade pursue you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Prospero, and Sanisonella.*

*Prof.* Well, I do not thinke but to see you as pretty a  
piece of Law-flesh.

*San.* In time I may,  
Marry I am resolu'd to take a new way for't.

You haue Lawyers take their Clients fees, & their backs  
are no sooner turn'd, but they call them fooles, and laugh  
at them.

*Prof.* That's ill done of them.

*San.* There's one thing too that has a vild abuse in't.

*Pro.* What's that? *San.* Marry this,  
That no Proctor in the Terme time be tollerated to go to  
the Tauerne aboue six times i'th forenoone.

*Prof.* Why man?

*San.* Oh



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Sam.* Oh fir, it makes their Clients overtaken,  
And become friends sooner then they would be.

*Enter Ercole With a letter, and Centurino comming  
in Friars habits, as hauing bin at the Bath-  
nises, a Ceremony vsed afore these  
Combates.*

*Erco.* Leauē the Roome, Gentlemen,

*Con.* Wherefore should I with such an obstinacy,  
Conceale my selfe any longer. I am taught, *Con. speaks  
aside.*  
That all the blood which will be shed to morrow,  
Must fall vpon my head; one question  
Shall fix it or vntie it: Noble brother,  
I would faine know how it is possible,  
When it appeares you loue the faire *Iolenta*  
With such a height of feruor, you were ready  
To father anothers child, and marry her,  
You would so suddenly ingage your selfe,  
To kill her brother, one that euer stood,  
Your loyall and firme friend?

*Erco.* Sir, Ile tell you,  
My loue, as I haue formerly protested  
To *Centurino*, whose vnfortunate end,  
The traytor wrought: and here is one thing more,  
Deads all good thoughts of him, which I now receiue  
From *Iolenta*. *Cont.* In a Letter?

*Erco.* Yes, in this Letter:  
For hauing sent to her to be resoluēd  
Most truly, who was father of the child,  
Shee writes backe, that the shame she goes withall,  
Was begot by her brother.

*Cont.* O most incestious villaine.

*Erco.* I protest, before I thought 'twas *Centurinos* Issue,  
And for that would haue vail'd her dishonour.

*Cont.* No more.

Has the Armorer brought the weapons?

*Erco.* Yes fir.

*Cont.* I will no more thinke of her.

*Erco.* Of whom?

*The Devils Law Case.*

*Con.* Of my mother, I was thinking of my mother?  
Call the Armorer. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Surgeon, and Winifrid.*

*Win.* You doe love me fir, you say?

*Sur.* O most intirely.

*Win.* And you will marry me?

*Sur.* Nay, he doe more then that.

The fashion of the world is many times,

To make a woman naught, and afterwards

To marry her: but I a'th contrary,

Will make you honest first, and afterwards

Proceed to the wedlocke.

*Win.* Honest, what meane you by that?

*Sur.* I meane, that your suborning the late Law. suite,  
Has got you a filthy report: now there's no way,  
But to doe some excellent piece of honesty,  
To recouer your good name. *Win.* How fir?

*Sur.* You shall straight goe, and reueale to your old  
Mistris, for certaine truth, *Contarino* is aliue.

*Win.* How, lining? *Sur.* Yes, he is liuing.

*Win.* No, I must not tell her of it.

*Sur.* No, why?

*Win.* For shee did bind me yesterday by oath,  
Neuer more to speake of him.

*Sur.* You shall reueale it then to *Aristo* the Iudge.

*Win.* By no meanes, he has heard me

Tell so many lyes ith Court, hee'l nere beleue mee.

What if I told it to the *Cupachin*?

*Sur.* You cannot think of a better, for as your yong *Mis*.

Who as you told me, has perswaded you,

To runne away with her: let her haue her humour.

I have a suite *Romelio* left i'th house,

The habit of a Iew, that I le put on,

And pretending I am robb'd, by breake of day,

Procure all Passengers to be brought backe,

And by the way reueale my selfe, and discover

The Commicall euent. They say shee's a little mad,

This will helpe to cure her: goe, goe presently,

And

*The Denils Law-Cafe.*

And reueale it to the *Capuchin*.

*Win.* Sir, I shall

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Iulio, Proffero, and Sanitonella.*

*Iul.* A pox ont, I haue vndertaken the challenge very foolishly: what if I doe not appeare to answer it?

*Pro.* It would be absolute conuiction  
Of Cowardice, and Periury; and the Dane,  
May to your publike shame, reuerse your Armes,  
Or haue them ignominiously fastned  
Vnder his horse tayle.

*Iul.* I doe not like that so well.

I see then I must fight whether I will or no.

*Proff.* How does *Romelio* beare himselfe? They say,  
He has almost brain'd one of our cunningst Fencers,  
That practis'd with him.

*Iul.* Very certaine; and now you talke of fencing,  
Doe not you remember the Welsh Gentleman,  
That was trauailing to Rome vpon returne?

*Proff.* No, what of him?

*Iul.* There was a strange experiment of a Fencer.

*Proff.* What was that?

*Iul.* The Welshman in's play, do what the Fencer could,  
Hung still an arse; he could not for's life  
Make him come on brauely: till one night at supper,  
Observing what a deale of Parma cheese  
His Scholler deuoured, goes ingeniously  
The next morning, and makes a spacious button  
For his foyle of toasted cheese, and as sure as you liue,  
That made him come on the braueliest.

*Proff.* Possible!

*Iul.* Marry it taught him an ill grace in's play,  
It made him gape still, gape as he put in for't,  
As I haue scene some hungry Vther.

*San.* The toasting of it belike,  
Was to make it more supple, had he chanc'd  
To haue hit him a'th chaps.

*Iul.* Not vnlikely. Who can tell me,  
If we may breath in the Duell?

*Pro.* By no meanes.

*Iul.* Nor

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*Int.* Nor drinke? *Prof.* Neither.

*Int.* That's scurvy, anger will make me very dry.

*Prof.* You mistake fir, tis sorrow that is very dry.

*San.* Not alwayes fir, I haue knowne sorrow very wet.

*Int.* In rainy weather.

*San.* No, when a woman has come dropping wet  
Out of a Cuckingstoole. *Int.* Then twas wet indeed fir.

*Enter Romelso very melancholly, and the Capuchin.*

*Cap.* Having from *Leonora* Wayting-woman,  
Deliver'd a most strange Intelligence  
Of *Contarino's* recovery, I am come  
To sound *Romelio's* penitence, that perform'd,  
To end these errors by discovering,  
What shee related to me. Peace to you fir,  
Pray Gentlemen, let the freedome of this Roome  
Be mine a little. Nay fir, you may stay. *Exeunt Pro. San.*  
Will you pray with me?

*Rom.* No, no, the world and I  
Haue not made vp our accounts yet.

*Cap.* Shall I pray for you?

*Rom.* Whether you doe or no, I care not.

*Cap.* O you haue a dangerous voyage to take.

*Rom.* No matter, I will be mine owne Pilot;  
Doe not you trouble your head with the businesse.

*Cap.* Pray tell me, do not you meditate of death?

*Rom.* Phew, I tooke out that Lesson,  
When I once lay sicke of an Ague: I doe now  
Labour for life, for life. Sir, can you tell me,  
Whether your Tolloedo, or your Millain Blade  
Be best temper'd?

*Cap.* These things you know, are out of my practice.

*Rom.* But these are things you know,  
I must practice with to morrow.

*Cap.* Were I in your case,  
I should present to my selfe strange shaddowes.

*Rom.* Turne you, were I in your case,  
I should laugh at mine one shadow.  
Who has hired you to make me Coward?

*Cap.* I

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*Cap.* I would make you a good Christian.

*Rom.* Withall, let me continue

An honest man, which I am very certaine,  
A coward can neuer be; you take vpon you  
A Phisicians place, rather then a Diuines.  
You goe about to bring my body so low,  
I should fight i'th Lifts to morrow like a Dormouse,  
And be made away in a slumber.

*Cap.* Did you murder *Canturino*?

*Rom.* That's a scuruy question now. *Cap.* Why sir?

*Rom.* Did you aske it as a Confessor, or as a spie?

*Cap.* As one that faine would insle the deuill  
Out of your way.

*Rom.* Vm, you are but weakly made for't :  
Hee's a cunning wrastler, I can tell you, and has broke  
many a mans necke.

*Cap.* But to giue him the foyle, goes not by strength.

*Rom.* Let it goe by what it will,

Get me some good victuals to breakfast, I am hungry.

*Cap.* Here's food for you. *Offering him a Booke.*

*Rom.* Pew, I am not to commence Doctor:

For then the word, Denoure that booke, were proper.

I am to fight, to fight sir, and Ile doo't,

As I would feed, with a good stomacke.

*Cap.* Can you feed, and apprehend death?

*Rom.* Why sir? Is not Death

A hungry companion? Say? is not the graue  
Said to be a great deuourer? Get me some victuals.

I knew a man that was to loose his head,

Feed with an excellent good appetite,

To strengthen his heart, scarce halfe an houre before.

And if he did it, that onely was to speake,

What should I, that am to doe?

*Cap.* This confidence,  
If it be grounded vpon truth, tis well.

*Rom.* You must vnderstand, that Resolution

Should euer wayt vpon a noble death,

As Captaines bring their Souldiers out o'th field,



*The Devils Law-Case.*

And come off last : for, I pray what is death ?  
The safest Trench i'th world to keepe man free  
From Fortunes Gunshot; to be afraid of that,  
Would proue me weaker then a teeming woman,  
That does indure a thousand times more paine  
In bearing of a child. *Cap.* O, I tremble for you:  
For I doe know you haue a storme within you,  
More terrible then a Sea-fight, and your soule  
Being heretofore drown'd in securitie,  
You know not how to line, nor how to dye :  
But I haue an obiect that shall startle you,  
And make you know whither you are going.

*Rom.* I am arm'd for't.

*Enter Leonora with two Coffins borne by her seruants, and  
two Winding-sheets sticke with flowers, presents one to  
her sonne, and the other to Iulio.*

Tis very welcome, this is a decent garment  
Will neuer be out of fashion: I will kisse it.  
All the Flowers of the Spring,  
Meet to perfume our burying:  
These haue but their growing prime,  
And man does flourish but his time.  
Suruey our progresse from our birth,  
We are set, we grow, we turne to earth.  
Courts adieu, and all delights, *Soft Musicks.*  
All bewitching appetites;  
Sweetest Breath, and clearest eye,  
Like perfumes goe out and dye;  
And consequently this is done,  
As shadowes wait vpon the Sunne.  
Vaine the ambition of Kings,  
Who seeke by trophies and dead things,  
To leaue a liuing name behind,  
And weaue but nets to catch the wind :  
O you haue wrought a myracle, and melted  
A heart of Adamant, you haue comprisd  
In this dumbe Pageant, a right excellent forme  
Of penitence. *Cap.* I am glad you so receiue it.

*Rom.* This

*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

*Ro.* This obieſt does perſwade me to forgive *as his*  
The wrong ſhe has don me, which I count the way *mother*  
To be forgiuen yonder: and this Shrow'd  
Shewes me how rankly we doe ſmel of earth,  
When we are in all our glory. Will it pleaſe you  
Enter that Cloſet, where I ſhall confer  
Bout matters of moſt waightie conſequence,  
Before the Duell. *Exit Leonora.*

*Iul.* Now I am right in the Bandilcere for th' gallows.  
What a ſcuruy faſhion tis, to hang ones coffin in a ſcarfe?

*Cap.* Why this is well:  
And now that I haue made you fit for death,  
And brought you euen as low as is the graue,  
I will raiſe you vp agen. ſpeake comforts to you  
Beyond your hopes, turne this intended Duell  
To a triumph. *Rom.* More Diuinitie yet?  
Good ſir, doe one thing firſt, there's in my Cloſet  
A Prayer booke that is couer'd with guilt Vellom,  
Fetch it, and pray you certifie my mother,  
Ile preſently come to her.  
So now you are ſafe. *Lockes him into a Cloſet.*

*Iul.* What haue you done?

*Rom.* Why I haue lockt them vp  
Into a Turret of the Caſtle ſafe enough,  
For troubling vs this ſoure houres; and he pleaſe,  
He may open a Caſement, and whistle out to' th Sea,  
Like a Beſon, not any creature can heare him.  
Waſt not thou a weary of his preaching?

*Iul.* Yes, if he had had an houre-glaſſe by him,  
I would haue wiſht him he would haue ioggd it a little.  
But your mother, your mother's lockt in to.

*Rom.* So much the better,  
I am rid of her howling at parting.

*Iul.* Harke, he knocks to be let out and he were mad.

*Rom.* Let him knocke till his Sandals ſlie in pieces.

*Iul.* Ha, what ſayes he? *Contarino* liuing?

*Rom.* I, I, he meanes he would haue *Contarino's* liuing  
Beſtowed vpon his Monastery, 'tis that

*The Devils Law-Case.*

He onely fittes for. So, tis breake of day,

We shall be call'd to the combate presently.

*Iul.* I am sory for one thing. *Rom.* What's that?

*Iul.* That I made not mine owne Ballad: I doe feare  
I shall be roguishtly abused in Meeter,  
If I miscarry. Well, if the young *Capuchin*  
Doe not talke a'th flesh as fast now to your mother,  
As he did to vs a'th spirit; if he doe,  
Tis not the first time that the prison my all  
Has been guiltie of close committing.

*Rom.* Now to'th Combate.

*Enter Capuchin and Leonora above at a window.*

*Leon.* *Contarino* living?

*Cap.* Yes Madam, he is living, and *Erastes* Second.

*Leo.* Why has he lockt vs vp thus?

*Cap.* Some euill Angell

Makes him deafe to his owne safetie, we are shut  
Into a Turret, the most desolate prison  
Of all the Castle, and his obstinacy,  
Madnesse, or secret fate, has thus pretenceed,  
The saving of his life. *Leo.* Oh the saving *Contarino's*,  
His is worth nothing: for heavens sake call lowder.

*Cap.* To little purpose.

*Leo.* I will leape these Battlements,  
And may I be found dead time enough,  
To hinder the combate. *Cap.* Oh looks vpwards rather,  
Their deliuerance must come thence: to see how heaven,  
Can inuert mans firstest purpose: his intent  
Of murdering *Contarino*, was a meane  
To worke his safety, and my coming hither  
To saue him, is his ruine: wretches turne  
The tide of their good fortune, and being drencht  
In some presumptuous and hidden sinnes,  
While they aspire to doe themselves most right,  
The devil that rules ith ayre, hangs in their light.

*Leo.* Oh they must not be lost thus, some good christian  
come within our hearing: ope the other casement that  
looks into the citie. *Cap.* Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

*The Devils Law-Case.*

*The Lifts set up. Enter the Marshall, Crispians, and  
Aristo as Judges, they sit.*

*Mar.* Give the Appellant his Summons, doe the like  
To the Defendant. *Two Tuckets by severall Trumpets.*

*Enter at one doore, Erco and Conarino, at the  
other, Ramelio and Julio.*

Can any of you alledge ought, why the Combate  
Should not proceed? *Combatants.* Nothing.

*Ario.* Haile the Knights weighed,  
And measured their weapons? *Mar.* They haue.

*Ario.* Proceed then to the battell, and may heauen  
Determine the right.

*Herauld.* Soit le Battaille, et Victory a ceux que droit.

*Rom.* Stay, I doe not well know whither I am going:  
'Twere needfull therefore, though at the last gaspe,  
To haue some Church mans prayer. Run I pray thee,  
To Castle Nouo; this key will release  
A Capuchin and my mother, whom I shut  
Into a Turret, bid them make hast, and pray  
I may be dead ere he come. Nowe, *Victory a ceux que droit.*

*All the Champ.* *Victory a ceux que droit.*

*The Combate continued to a good length, when  
enters Leonara, and the Capuchin.*

*Leon.* Hold, hold; for heauens sake hold.

*Ari.* What are those that interrupt the combate?  
Away to prison with them.

*Cap.* We haue been prisoners too long:  
Oh sir, what means you? *Conarino's lining.*

*Erco.* *Living.* *Cap.* Behold him lining.

*Erco.* You were but now my scton, now I make you  
My selfe for euer.

*Leon.* Oh here's one betweene,  
Claimes to be heere.

*Cont.* And to you deare Lady,  
I haue entirely vowed my life.

*Rom.* If I doe not dreame, I am happy to.

*Ario.* How intolently has this high Court of Honor  
Beene abused?

*The Devils Law-Case.*

*Enter Angiolilla veild, and Lolanta, her face colour'd like a Moore, the two Surgeons, one of them like a Jew.*

*Aris.* How now, who are these?

*Sir.* A couple of strange Fowle, and I the Falconer,  
That haue sprung them. This is a white Nun,  
Of the Order of Saint Clare; and this a blacke one,  
Youle take my word for't. *Discovers Lolanta.*

*Aris.* Shee's a blacke one indeed.

*Jolen.* Like or dislike me, choose you whether,  
The Downe vpon the Ravens feather,  
Is as gentle and as sleeke,  
As the Mole on *Venus* cheek.

Hence vaine shew, I onely care,  
To preferre my Soule most faire,  
Neuer mind the outward skin,  
But the Jewell thar's within :

And though I want the crimson blood,  
Angels boast my Sister-hood.  
Which of vs now judge you whiter,  
Her whose credit proues the lighter,  
Or this blacke, and Ebon hew,  
That vntain'd, keeps fresh and true :

For I proclaim't without controule,  
There's no true beauty, but in Soules.

*Enter.* Oh the faire *Lolanta*, to what purpose.

Are you thus ecclipt? *Jol.* Sir, I was running away  
From the rumour of this Combate : I fled likewise,  
From the vntime report my brother spread  
To his politick friends, that I was got with child.

*Enter.* Cease heere all further scruteny, this paper  
Shall gine vnto the Court each circumstance,  
Of all these passages.

*Aris.* No more : attend the Sentence of the Court.  
Rarenesse and difficultie giue estimation  
To all things are i'th world : you haue met both  
In these seuerall passages : now it does remaine,  
That these so Comicall events be blasted  
With no seueritie of Sentence : You *Romello*,  
Shall



*The Devils Law-Cafe.*

Shall first deliuer to that Gentleman,  
Who stood your Second, all those Obligations,  
Wherein he stands engaged to you,  
Receiuing onely the principall.

*Rom.* I shall my Lord. *Iul.* I thanke you,  
I haue an humour now to goe to Sea  
Against the Pyrats; and my onely ambition,  
Is to haue my Ship furnisht with a rare consort  
Of Musicke; and when I am pleased to be mad,  
They shall play me *Orlando*.

*San.* You must lay wait for the Fidlers,  
They le flye away from the presse like Watermen.

*Ario.* Next, you shall marry that Nun.

*Rom.* Most willingly.

*Angio.* Oh sir, you haue been vnkind;  
But I doe onely wish, that this my shame,  
May warne all honest Virgins, not to seeke  
The way to Heauen, that is so wondrous keepe,  
Through those vowes they are too fraile to keepe:

*Ario.* *Contarino*, and *Romelio*, and your selfe,  
Shall for seuen yeares maintaine against the Turke,  
Six Gallies. *Leonora*, *Iolenta*,  
And *Angiolella* there the beautilous Nun,  
For their vowes breach vnto the Monastery,  
Shall build a Monastery. Lastly, the two Surgeons,  
For concealing *Contarino's* recouery,  
Shall exercise their Art at their owne charge,  
For a tweluemonth in the Gallies: so we leaue you,  
Wishing your future life may make good vse  
Of these euent, since that these passages,  
Which threatned ruine, built on rotten ground,  
Are with successe beyond our wishes crown'd.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*FINIS.*